The Outlook

Volume 137 June 18, 1924 Number 7

The Congressional Harvest

A REFRACTORY and, in the main, futile Congress ended a nerve-racking session in a scene of disorder and general helplessness.

Essential measures for the orderly conduct of government failed. The country will suffer It is said that numerous Senators and Representatives will receive from their constituents the opportunity of thinking it over in retirement. Heaven knows if this be true. It has seemed at times that the trait of incompetency and the knack of destruction are the qualifications that voters reward with seats in Congress.

Whoever may come back and whoever may be left at home, this fact stands: A Congress, defiant of the President and unable to work in harmony with itself, overturned in a mad hour a large part of what had been done through a turbulent six months. Men who had followed a particular object with the zeal of crusaders in a final flare of spiteful spirit wrecked their own hopes in common with those of the country.

Where lies the blame for the pitiable performance? Everywhere. No party, no faction, came out with clean skirts.

Those who call themselves Progressives imposed the Reclamation Bill as a "rider" upon the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, seeking to serve themselves by a reprehensible practice. The nominal majority agreed to this, and the bill, making money available for many important purposes, was to be passed in the last minutes with the "rider" intact.

Then Spencer, Republican, spent three hours talking the Oil Committee report to death—a good cause, it may be, but served in a thoroughly bad way. He sat down just in time for the Deficiency Bill, improper rider and all, to be passed before the gavel fell.

Pittman, Democrat, declared that the "rider" had been politically tinkered with to take benefits away from States with few electoral votes and give them to States with several electoral votes. And he undertook to talk away the time till the session ended.

Yet in the last minutes Pittman wavered as friends besought him almost on their knees to accept the injury to his own people rather than inflict a greater one on the country.

At the very end it was Borah, the reputed level thinker, who holds himself somewhat aloof from every faction, who stood in front of the bill and said, "It shall not pass." There was no power in Congress strong enough to kill the rider and pass the bill in proper form.

Republican, Democrat, Progressive group, independent thinker—each with justification as he saw it—blocked the wheels of orderly procedure.

A single real leader of any political faith could have kept those wheels turning.

There was none.

We are fallen upon days of dearth in the halls of our Congress.

Left on the Threshing Floor

Now that Congress has laid down its flail and the yellow dust from its threshing floor is somewhat blown away, we may look to the fruits of the effort.

There is an amazingly large pile of chaff—inert, useless stuff that some dry day we shall have to make a bonfire of.

Here is a pitiably small heap of grain, and only a little of that is sound.

All around is a confusion of crumpled straw, unthreshed and trodden into the muck.

For good or for evil, Congress did these things:

Passed a Bonus Bill over the veto of the President.

Passed a Tax Law which the President, pointing out objections, approved.

Passed an Immigration Law which the President signed in genuine approval except for one provision, written in hot haste of resentment at an implied threat.

Submitted to the States for approval an amendment to the Constitution of the United States conferring upon Congress the power to prevent the exploitation of children in industry.

Passed a bill liberalizing the law for the relief of disabled World War veterans.

Passed a bill prohibiting the discharge of oil into coastal waters.

Created the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge.

Prohibited the importation of crude opium for the manufacture of heroin.

Provided for the withdrawal of lands for the protection of antelope, other game animals, and birds.

Provided for the equipment of Shipping Board vessels with oil-burners.

Passed the requisite appropriation bills, with the exception of the Deficiency Bill.

These are the things completed. The list of those left in various stages of incompletion is long, almost, as time. Those of the largest importance follow:

It is doubtful whether the Bonus Law, for which Senators and Representatives paid so high a price, can be put into early effect because the appropriation for it was in the slaughtered Deficiency Bill.

The Reclamation Reform Bill, carrying the gist of the report of Secretary Work's fact-finding commission, failed of passage and was the immediate cause of the general muss in which the Deficiency Bill died.

The bill providing for the construction of eight new cruisers for the purpose of bringing the Navy up to treaty ratio was not passed.

The bill to strengthen the Coast Guard for fighting rum-runners was passed, but no money was made available for it.

Absolutely nothing was done toward farmer relief. The McNary-Haugen Bill failed of passage and hastily prepared expedients in its place lacked time, even if a majority could have been mustered for them.

The proposed amendment to the Esch-Cummins Law, which would have provided for the freight-rate reduction demanded by farmers, was not acted upon.

The Howell-Barkley Bill abolishing the Railroad Labor Board went over.

Action on Muscle Shoals was postponed, and made the unfinished business for an early day of the December session.

No action was taken upon the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge World Court proposal.

The Postal Employees' Increased Salary Bill, which the President so promptly

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and so justly vetoed, was not acted upon again.

Three Headless Parties

THUS ended a session of Congress unlike, in many respects, any that we have known before. It strained the nerves of the American people as, perhaps, no other Congress even in the great crises of the Nation's history ever did.

Yet as the Nation takes stock of itself it will find that it has not been ruined by this most radical of Congresses. This Congress was a barking dog. It constantly threatened a great deal of harm—and performed some part of it. Withal, it made its contribution, small but none the less real, to the future well-being of the country.

It was fearsome because it was not understood. It was in effect a three-party Congress. And those who called themselves Progressives, some Democrats and some Republicans, but all wearing the cloak loosely, were "jacks wild." Here was a cohesive group, but nobody knew exactly where it would turn up and it kept both old parties in hot water. Here was a situation the like of which we had hardly seen before in our history, and, accustomed as we were to two-party government, it frightened more than it injured us.

Another tradition, equally old and even more firmly fixed in the public mind, was overturned. The Senate heretofore has been the conservative branch of Congress. The House might be swept by hysteria, but the Senate could be depended upon to remain sober. All of that this time was reversed. If the House was a whirlwind, the Senate was a tornado. Fortunately the House did sometimes apply the brakes when the Senate was running wild.

Still another alarming feature was the absence of trusted leadership. Not one man in either house stood out as a real leader. What was left of the old Republican leadership had become, apparently, impotent. The Democrats, no better off for material, were not under the same necessity of developing legislative leadership and were willing to let the Republicans stew in their own broth. Among the malcontents, self-named Progressives, every man was an incipient leader who led, when opportunity offered, in his own wild way toward the goal of his own zeal.

All of this considered, we should, perhaps, be thankful for the little good we got out of it.

In a large way, the good is comprised in a single law—the Immigration Bill. Even that is defective, but none the less a legislative achievement. It marks a turning-point in American civilization. It proves rather conclusively that the American people will not be dominated by a coalition of alien groups and blocs, that America will remain American.

A single large achievement of worthy character seems a small total, but, in the light of Congressional history, the admission must be made that we hardly have the hope of more than that from any particular session.

From Lions to Lambs

THE investigating committees, after months of "uproaring the universal peace," ended the session tamely, though they played their part in the final wild act.

Only one of them, that which investigated the Veterans' Bureau, wrote results upon the statute-books. It brought about a law which should provide better treatment for World War veterans.

Chairman Brookhart, of the Daugherty Committee, took a nap at the switch. When he woke up, the opportunity had passed for getting consent to continue hearings through the recess.

The Oil Committee submitted a report signed only by the Democratic and Insurgent members. It was moderate in tone and, had Spencer not thought it worth three hours of talk at a critical time, could have done little harm, approved or rejected.

This report, drafted by Senator Walsh, showed a solicitude for avoiding injustice not foreshadowed by the immoderate methods of the Committee when the investigation was at the height of its fury. If a like spirit had been shown throughout, the public could have had no quarrel with the investigation.

Edwin Denby, who resigned under pressure after this Committee began its investigations, was absolved from having had "any part whatever" in the negotiations leading up to the oil leases. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt received the same sort of exoneration.

The Committee "found no facts of sufficient importance to report" in support of the rumor that public officials speculated in stocks of the Sinclair and Doheny companies.

No evidence was found, said the report, to show a conspiracy between representatives of the oil interests and others at the Republican National Convention of 1920.

In short, the Committee reported that it believed a single individual in Government service had been guilty of wrongdoing. The transactions between Fall and Doheny, the report said, were "in the last degree reprehensible," and Sinclair's questionable dealings with Fall were recited. Some recommendations were made for safeguarding the Oil Reserves in future.

The five regular Republican members of the Committee did not sign the report. They said that they would state their reasons later. There may be very real objections to the portion of the report which declares that the Executive Order by which President Harding transferred the Oil Reserves from the Navy to the Interior was illegal. This appears to the layman a point which would require determination, not by a committee of the Senate, but by the courts.

The Voice from the White House

IN all this compounding of good and bad, how stands the score as between the Congress and the President?

Three times the President found it necessary to exercise the veto, always in the interest of economy.

His veto of the Bursum Pension Bill was sustained.

His veto of the Bonus Bill was overturned, with votes to spare in both houses.

The veto was exercised the third time on the bill which provided increases of salary for practically all employees of the Post Office Department. It would have cost the Government about $70,000,000 a year, and no provision was made in the bill for raising the money.

"Extravagance must stop," wrote the President, and sent the bill back unsigned. This act was done on the last day but one of the session, and in the general confusion no action was taken in either house. It will never be known whether or not Congress intended to override the President on that bill. Between now and December many Senators and Representatives will change their minds. The action taken then may not be that action that would have been taken on the fringe of June.

Yet the action of the President showed a straight-hitting quality which, unless we much mistake the temper of the American people, will be admired. Here was a measure backed by some of the

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Now Gather and Surmise

(Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2)

Reynolds in the Bellingham (Washington) Herald

The attempted hold-up

From Jack Yoes, Bellingham, Washington

From the Omaha Bee

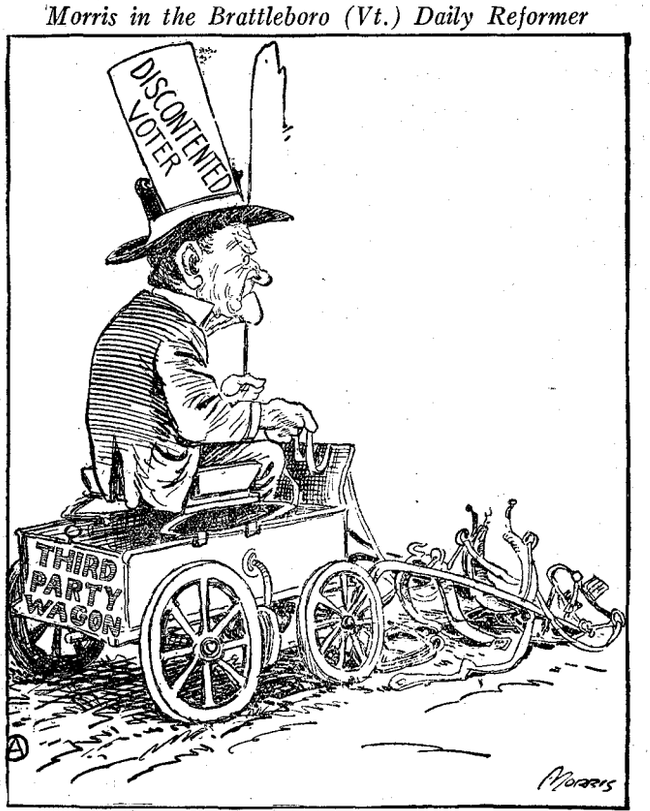
Good heavens, son, how do you expect papa to build a platform with that stuff?

From Bertha N. Higgins, Omaha, Nebraska

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

Nightmare

Morris in the Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer



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All ready to go, but where's the horse?

From Mrs. Charles A. Lewis, Grafton, Vermont

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most powerful organizations in the United States. Congress passed it under pressure and, in the common phrase, "passed the buck" to the President, who had only a few days to consider it. A man lacking decision and fighting form would have let it lie over until the session ended, but Calvin Coolidge promptly vetoed it—with the implied challenge to Congress to pass it over his veto.

By this time sentiment toward the other vetoes is pretty well known. Because of the courageous manner of this last one it is almost sure to find more general approval than either of the others.

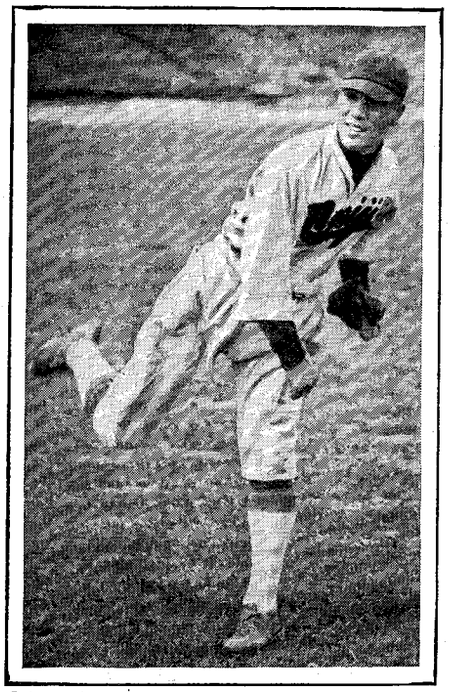
The Baseball Brotherhood

IMITATION is often the sincerest form of flattery. It should please our Nation of baseball enthusiasts greatly to realize that Japan has taken up baseball, and not only taken it up, but made a real success of our National game. The formidable nine of Meiji University has been touring the country, coming slowly from the West, defeating strong teams and losing rarely, and never by more than a run. Their pitcher Yuasa, who allowed Stanford University but two hits in ten innings, is considered the best in Japan.

This visit, planned to aid the reconstruction of Meiji University, so badly wrecked by the great earthquake, comes at a most opportune time. These sturdy college men will help to revive our traditional friendship for Japan, and they should take back with them a reassurance of this friendship. Perhaps the day will come when every one will realize that athletes and sportsmen make the best ambassadors.

A New Open Golf Champion

IN the teeth of a punishing gale, Cyril Walker, of Englewood, New Jersey, covered what Grantland Rice termed "72 holes of the hardest golf ever known in any United States open" at 297 strokes. It was a match that called for the greatest amount of skill and endurance. The 6,880-yard course of the Oakland Hills Country Club, of Birmingham, Michigan, was continuously swept with a wind in the teeth of which the leading contestants made strokes that were almost miraculous. The match was bitterly contested to the end, with Bobby Jones but three strokes behind Walker, and Walter Hagen, Bobby Cruickshank,

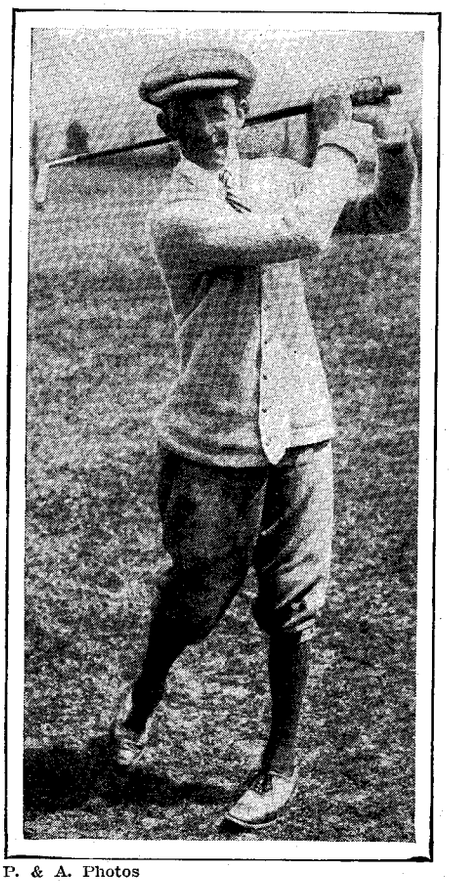


International

Yuasa, star pitcher of the Meiji University baseball team now in the United States for a series of games with American college clubs

and MacDonald Smith tieing at three behind Jones.

Walker, a slight, wiry man of but 120 pounds, came over from England ten years ago, and has been steadily gaining in reputation from that time on. His victory is obviously no chance happening, for his recent records show a very high plane of performance. For instance, in the last two North and South open championships at Pinehurst he finished but one stroke behind Hagen.



P. & A. Photos

Cyril Walker, winner of the United States Open Golf Championship

To win from such a field is creditable enough, and to win under so severe a weather handicap makes the victory notable to the last degree.

Derby Wins the Derby

AN Earl of Derby is said to have remarked some years ago: "I have two ambitions—to be Prime Minister and to win the Derby." One version of this remark says that the noble earl added that he was keener about the second thing than he was the first. The wish was accomplished this year in the one hundred and forty-fourth Derby race, won on June 5 by the Earl of Derby's Sansovino. The famous and historic Derby Stakes was established in 1780 by the then Earl of Derby. Only once before this in the whole history of the Derby has it been won by a Derby, and that victory took place one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. The present Earl is said to have remarked at a dinner a day or two before the race that, if his advice were asked as to the winner this year, he would say (considering the heavy rains that were falling and the fact that there were thirty-one entries) that the best advice he could give to any one would be to put the thirty-one names in a hat and bet on whichever one he drew first. For all that, his horse stood high in the betting and won easily. There were twenty-seven starters. The stakes, amounting to about £11,000, were presented by the Earl of Derby to the horse's trainer, the Hon. George Lambton. Lord Derby never bets on his own horse.

The Derby at Epsom is an institution as well as a race. We won't say that it is against the law not to bet on the Derby; no doubt many thousands of English people don't bet on anything, but it is safe to say that those who do bet make it almost a religious rite to have something on this race. The extent of the enormous sweepstakes in which many thousands of people join may be judged by the fact that the largest, known as the Calcutta sweepstakes, amounted this year to £70,000; it was won by a real estate agent in Nairobi, Africa, who had previously sold half the winning ticket to a Calcutta syndicate.

The usual brilliant and spectacular

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features of Derby Day at Epsom, commemorated many years ago by Frith in his famous painting, were repeated in a modern guise the other day. The King and Queen, Prince of Wales, Queen Marie of Rumania, and other members of the royal family were present. The roads were crowded with every kind of vehicle from the finest motor car (there were said to be 17,000 cars at Epsom) to the costermonger's donkey-cart. Traffic was directed by wireless from captive army balloons and blocks were dealt with by flying squads of motor-cyclists. It is said that the news of Sansovino's victory was known in India and South Africa as soon as it was in London, so perfect were the arrangements for speeding transmission of the important matter which for one day took precedence even over politics.

The Isolation of Vitamin D

For several years food chemists have been aware of the existence of what are termed vitamins, yet until very recently no vitamins as such have ever been seen. But Drs. Eddy, Kerr, and Williams, of Columbia University, have just succeeded in isolating a sufficient quantity of one of the vitamins, known as "Bios" or Vitamin D, to ascertain its chemical analysis, crystalline structure, and general physical properties. It is believed that this brilliant piece of research is the first step toward the isolation, identification, and possibly the synthesis of any of the several vitamins necessary to the health and growth of human beings, and for that reason it is unquestionably an achievement of the utmost importance both to science and to humanity.

Our still limited knowledge of vitamins stands as an indirect warning that in science dogmatism is always dangerous. Only a few years ago, before vitamin research had been begun, many food experts based their estimates of food values very largely on the calory, the calory being a measure of heat energy used specifically with regard to the heat energy of various foods. What was not then recognized was that the food reactions which take place in the test tube are not necessarily identical with those which take place in the digestive organs. As a result of our recently gained knowledge of the vitamins, food calories have lost first place in the estimate of many who take interest in the development of the science of dietetics.

What Good Is It?

Twenty-odd years ago it was discovered that certain chemically ideal diets failed to produce the results which they should theoretically produce. Proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral salts, the four main essentials in food, when fed to human beings did not maintain health. Rickets, scurvy, neuritis, and beriberi occurred. Evidently something was lacking. What was it? Chemistry failed to discover; evidently it was something mysterious and subtle. This much could be said, at least: When husks of rice, potato peelings, fresh butter, milk, and vegetables, all of which seemingly fall in the four food-essential classes, were added to the diet none of these diseases occurred. Much as we postulate the invisible electron from its effects, so were the vitamins A, B, C, and D postulated by their effects.

Keystone

The Earl of Derby, who has satisfied a 137-year-old ambition

Now one of the vitamins has been isolated, seen, handled, and analyzed. It is found to contain 43 per cent carbon, 8 per cent hydrogen, 11 per cent nitrogen, and 38 per cent oxygen. It is a crystalline, white substance somewhat like quinine in appearance. The small quantity present in foods is shown by the fact that the vitamin in growing yeast is in the proportion of only one part in forty thousand.

The isolation of vitamin D is not believed to be an end in itself. No manufacturers will be licensed to make and sell it as a patent medicine. It is not a medicine. But the men who have made this one step in the conquest of food knowledge know that, as in the past in the case of science, others will follow; and that most discoveries of things which were in themselves of minor use have resulted in unearthing facts of a far more significant nature.

Attacking the Traffic Menace

When one considers that last year about 15,000 pedestrians were killed and over a million and a half injured to some degree by automobiles, it is easy to understand why experts, various interested associations, and communities are beginning to make extraordinary efforts to solve the problem of congested streets and street crossings. For instance, the Western Society of Engineers, at its own expense, has made for Chicago an exceedingly complete study of the situation in all its complexity, and many of its findings are applicable elsewhere. In a meeting on May 10, in the New York Town Hall, Chambers of Commerce and other bodies representing New York and its environs met to discuss the serious problems presented by the dangerous and uneconomic traffic situation in that city.

We cannot take up the many interesting and valuable suggestions made, but the best solution of the congested street crossing deserves special mention. First, it was strongly felt that something should be done to reduce the density of occupation, perhaps by lowering the allowable height of buildings. It is futile to provide better facilities only to encourage a greater density of occupation.

For the congested streets of a large city it has been suggested that the sidewalks be placed in second-story arcades, behind the building lines, with bridges at the street crossings. This would give pedestrians complete safety and better air, it would give the stores two floors of display windows instead of one, and it would make it possible to widen the streets, giving at least two more lanes for automobile traffic. Street railways, where possible, would be put into subways, so that foot, wheel, and rail traffic would be independent and on their own levels. There would be objections to the second-story arcaded walk, of course, both legal and financial, but it is likely that the advantages would more than make up for them.

This whole plan has been supported strongly by Colonel Harvey W. Corbett, a New York architect connected with the

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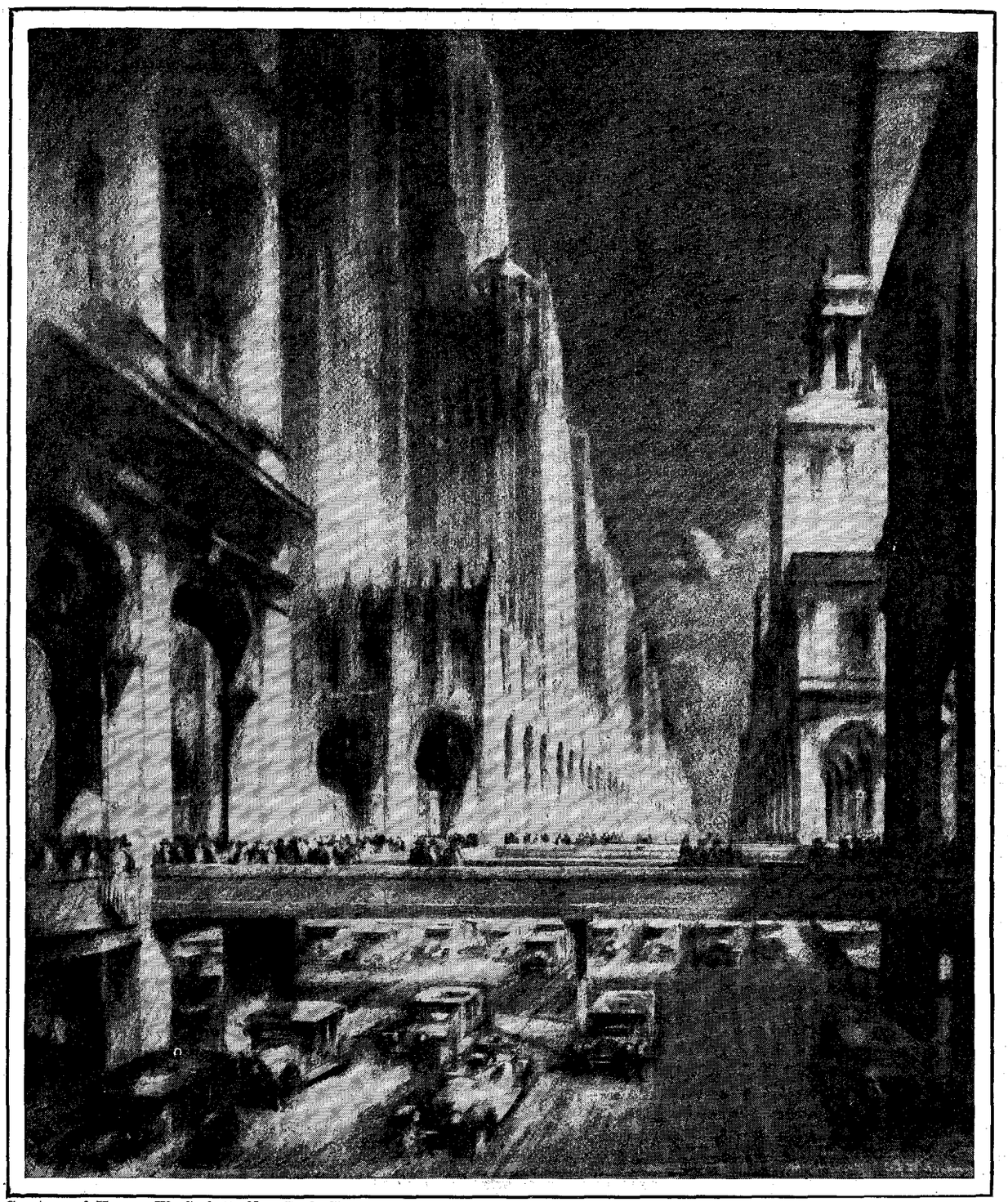

Courtesy of Harvey W. Corbett, New York City

Thoroughfares of the Future

Sage Foundation. We are fortunately able to print one of his drawings, showing the architectural possibilities as well as the utilitarian value of the second-story arcaded walk. It may be that this represents the best solution of one of the worst traffic problems of to-day.

Whose Atom—the Chemists' or the Physicists'?

THE physicists are engaged in friendly combat with the chemists over the true nature of the atom. Do its electrons revolve, or do they remain at rest? Properly speaking, it has been the physicists rather than the chemists who have made the great researches which have shown us the wonderful mechanism inside of the atom. Twenty-five years ago practically nothing was known about the whole subject. In the schoolroom we learned that the ultimate and irreducible particle of matter was the atom itself.

A comparatively young Danish physicist named Bohr has put forth a conception of the atom which is probably believed in by more scientists than any other. Without going into too many confusing technicalities, the Bohr atom consists of a central mass called a proton, corresponding in a way to the sun of our solar system and a number of electrons revolving in elliptical orbits, like our planets. Their velocities are prodigious, and it is in the momentum of these velocities, freely speaking, that there is thought to lie a source of energy with which nothing in the present experience of man is remotely comparable. We may succeed in using this energy some day—scientists are working at the problem now—but at present it remains

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for the most part as unavailable to man as the moon for which an infant cries.

Roughly speaking, for there are some ifs and exceptions, the difference between the elements—carbon, iron, potassium, and all the rest—is believed to lie simply in the number and arrangement of their planet-like electrons. The old problem of the alchemists, that of changing one element into another, then becomes one of learning how to knock some of these determining electrons out of the system, or how to shove some of them from their own into other orbits. In a very small way this has already been done.

One of the Great Sciences of the Future

No one has ever seen an atom. Microscopes have as yet failed to make visible even the larger molecules, which are groups of associated atoms. But we do not have actually to see them in order to learn facts about them. They are put through certain performances and the effects of these are studied. This is not always a perfect method of arriving at truth, for an effect may cover two or more possible causes. Then, until further experiments can be made, controversies arise similar to the one which the chemists and the physicists are now having over the question of whether the atom, on whose actual constituents they are agreed, is a live and moving nest of energy or simply a static pose of balanced forces. The majority of scientists, standing just outside of the controversy, would bet on the physicists with their atom composed of a central nucleus or proton and a system of revolving electrons whose velocities are so great that if man can release them vistas of advance or of destruction hitherto undreamed of will be opened.

Into whose hands will the secret, if it is ever learned, fall—those of the militarists who would doubtless bring to the world the "Great Desolation" of which Mr. Wells writes, or those who will use this vast new energy as a means to make this world a better place to live in?

A Warning to Inventive Novelists

In the early days of the submarine it was not uncommon to attribute much of the interest in that formidable engine of destruction to Jules Verne and his delightful Nautilus. It is H. G. Wells, however, who has most to answer for. In his "War of the Worlds," which gave so many fascinated juveniles the creeps, the Martians not only had an efficient airplane but a highly destructive poison gas that wiped out communities. Who knows but that this black terror of the story gave a brilliant idea to our late Germanic enemies?

Worst of all was the "heat ray" of the Martians, which penetrated steel armor as though it were paper and blew up the magazines of battleships. And now during these past few days we are hearing more and more of Grindell-Matthews's "death ray," as described in The Outlook for April 30, which will stop airplanes in midair and bring them crashing, stopping engines of any kind, and perhaps even destroying life itself. Well, some of us have seen, in our college days, the interesting experiment by which, with the aid of an electric arc and a parabolic mirror, a heat ray could be sent that would deliver intense heat at a distance. If indeed it should be found possible to send a powerful electric "ray" in some such fashion, interesting and portentous possibilities could be imagined. It was the German who developed the submarine and the poison gas. It is intimated that he has developed the first "death ray" too, though other inventors, notably Dr. T. F. Wall, of Sheffield University, England, seem to be doing as well.

Some optimists are hoping that this ray may be the final terror that will end war by making it too destructive. If it merely adds another weapon with a lot of new horrors in its train, then—H. G. Wells has much to answer for, over and above his literary escapades!

From Madame Breshkovsky: "Here I am amidst my children, two teachers at my sides. . . . We choose the most able, to give sooner intelligent young women and men to the villages, so much in need of civilization in general"

Juggernaut Jazz

Musical America is, for once, able to hold up her head in a world of music. Cold perturbations strike the army of European musicians who descend so regularly and so lucratively upon our shores. America strikes back. Europe justly trembles.

The Ministry of Labor in Paris has ordered that all (later reports—four) American (they are said to be Negro) jazz players shall leave France within five days.

This is a serious matter for Europe, whose prestige is at stake. Intrepid France, braving America's ire, orders them out, oblivious of consequences to European budgets should America follow suit and put an embargo on European musicians.

America can afford to smile and bide her time. France fights an irresistible Juggernaut that makes nothing of Ministries of Labor. Americans, despite laws and orders, will bray their diabolical syncopations in the very ears, not to say under the very noses, of Honneger, Schönberg, Cassella, and, we trust, all of the Dissonant Brotherhood, and so revenge America for much undeserved suffering.

Europe has our entire sympathy, but our faith in ultimate justice is greatly strengthened.

Catherine Breshkovsky and Her Work

Catherine Breshkovsky once said, "Nothing is so beautiful as knowledge which is shared." All her life she has striven for liberty and education. When, about forty-five years ago, she gave up her comfortable home and pleasant social life in order to teach Russian boys and girls and fit them for the dawn of liberty, the Imperial Government promptly threw her into prison and kept her in Siberia for thirty years. No sooner was she released than she again began her plans to teach. So far as she

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was a revolutionist it was not as a preacher of violence but as a teacher and as a forerunner of freedom.

After the Russian Revolution Madame Breshkovsky came to this country and through the assistance of friends, among whom The Outlook is glad to be numbered, she raised a fund to begin the education of poor and ignorant boys and girls in Russia. But the Russian Revolution, when it fell into the hands of Red Socialists and Anarchists, would have none of this kind of advance. They refused to allow Madame Breshkovsky to carry on her chosen work in Russia because she did not sanction their theories and methods. So the Little Grandmother did the next best thing; she started her schools in a remote region, once Russian Carpathia, but now part of Czechoslovakia. The people are mainly Russian in race and language.

This was five years ago, and now we have before us a letter from Madame Breshkovsky in which she says that many of the boys and girls whom she has taught are now themselves teachers, and the peasant boys and girls are learning to improve what was "a place of darkness and desolation where poor Russian peasants lived in material and mental misery." Her pupils are entering high schools and even universities, and the demand for education is growing all around the institution, not only for children, but for men and women also. The country is still poor, and support of the growing schools and relief work requires assistance. Madame Breshkovsky expresses profound gratitude to Americans for the work they have done, and speaks in particular of the "old and dear acquaintance" she has had with the editors and readers of The Outlook from the time, some twenty years ago, when her aims and hopes were described in an article written by her for The Outlook at the request of its editors. She sends us also the picture on the preceding page, which shows her among some of her teachers and pupils in her school in Czechoslovakia.

Madame Breshkovsky is now eighty years old, and is compelled by reason of health to live quietly in Prague after a life of extraordinary activity for a great cause and for the good of others. The schools and orphanage are situated at Uzhorod in Karpato Czechoslovakia, but contributions to aid her work may be sent to Mr. Louis Stoiber, 723 De Graw Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, who will take pleasure in forwarding them to Madame Breshkovsky.

The Shadow on an International Friendship

WHAT do the Japanese people think of our Exclusion Act? We believe that a true picture of Japanese opinion is given in George Marvin's special correspondence, which appears on page 272 of this issue of The Outlook. Mr. Marvin sympathizes with the opinion which he reports. It is perhaps worth while, then, to discuss whether this opinion is based upon a real understanding of the American attitude towards Japanese exclusion.

We can begin the discussion by admitting to our Japanese friends that our Congress, in acting contrary to the advice of our President and our Secretary of State, was guilty of a very futile and discourteous gesture. To admit this is not to contradict the statement that the American people do not wish to increase the number of aliens within our borders who are ineligible to citizenship under our law. This desire to exclude ineligibles from permanent residence has not the remotest connection with any feeling that we are racially superior to the Japanese.

The American people are building a house for their descendants. If they reject certain material which is offered, it does not mean that they think this material is inferior, any more than an architect who rejects steel beams for a country cottage or oak beams for a city skyscraper sets upon oak and steel the mark of his distrust.

We do not wish to build the walls of the house of our descendants from materials which are unsuited for the purpose which we have in mind. The construction problem which faces America is one which it is hard for a homogeneous people like the Japanese to understand. We believe that the feeling of the American Nation is solely one of desiring to prevent any further complication of a situation already too complex. The action of our Congress, as Mr. Marvin's correspondence shows, will hinder rather than help in the promotion of this desire.

There is another point which we should like to raise in connection with Mr. Marvin's correspondence. The Outlook has no patience with the thought that international friendship can or should be purchased through gifts. We believe that the assistance which Americans gave Japan at the time of her great disaster was dictated by no ulterior motive. It was a hand stretched out to a friend in trouble. We believe that Japan accepted this gift in the true spirit in which it was sent. A proud people could have taken it on no other terms. Japan is not in debt to us for this gift save as we are all in debt to that spirit of humanity which ought to govern the neighborhood of nations.

When Your Boy Goes Camping

WE hope you read in The Outlook of last week that very significant description of a certain Girl Scout camp, "A Camp Where the Girls Boss." You parents who have already decided on camps for your sons and daughters, and you who are about to make decisions, can find food for thought in that article, and the more so because so many of our fine camps are gradually becoming less and less camps and more and more "resorts." Let us see what this means.

Some little time ago, at a meeting of directors of boys' and girls' camps, the director of one excellent camp arose and warned the directors present that they were all "committing suicide." And his point was that they were getting away from the factors that primarily brought camps such immense popular favor and which made them so worth while in every way—that is, they were getting rid of all contacts with the primitive; they were taking more and more responsibility away from their campers; they were more and more substituting home and hotel comforts and artificial amusements—movies and so on—for the simple living and valuable interests and pleasures native only in real camps.

So it is that camps are putting in bungalows instead of tents. A short time ago in the Outlook office the director of a new camp showed photographs of a highly ornamental summer residence and said it was the "mother house" of his "camp," and that the boys would sleep in dormitories on the upper floors. Camping! It was only an ordinary boarding school misnamed, with amusements no different from those of the

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usual boarding school. And the amazing thing is that some parents will send boys to such a "camp," and the boys themselves, poor souls, unless they have had previous experience, may actually think they have been "camping."

Camps advertise their bungalows, which are not nearly so airy, sanitary, and camp-like as are tents, though cheaper in the long run. They talk about their electric lights, running water—hot and cold—and their resort-like amusements. In fact, the modern camp is no longer a real camp. The boys and girls are given no real responsibilities. They have nothing to do, in fact, but eat, sleep, loaf, and be amused.

Let us demand of our camps that they give our boys and girls a real chance—a chance to get in close contact with the best that comes through a close acquaintance with the "primitive." Let them be made responsible for their comforts as well as for their pleasures. Give them a chance, for the first time in their lives, to stand on their own feet, to develop resourcefulness, initiative, a capacity and desire for self-help, and a close working knowledge of woodcraft and campcraft and all that that implies. Give them no artificial amusements, but give them all the magnificent plays and games that can mean so much to boys and girls. And besides these games, give them a chance to develop their constructive impulses. Let them make all kinds of things, from camp buildings to their own cots. Let them put up their tents. Stop trying to do everything possible for them and give them a chance to do something for themselves. And you will build up the mental and moral stamina and resourcefulness that mean so much in counteracting the artificialities and necessary restrictions of city and school life. Parents and camp directors can learn much from the simple story of that fine Girl Scout camp.

Reformers and Pioneers

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE "Atlantic Monthly" for June contains an article by President Eliot, of Harvard, on Woodrow Wilson, which deserves to be, and doubtless will be, read by every American who is interested in solving the puzzle presented by the enigmatical personality of the great apostle of the League of Nations. The article is remarkable in many ways. In the first place, it is a masterpiece of brief biography, and the reader cannot help being struck by the mental and spiritual power which enables a man of ninety years of age to write such a masterpiece. Again, it is a beautiful example of the working of the critical factor in a mind which has long been trained to consider the phenomena of life with sanity, fairness, and complete sincerity.

President Eliot loved and honored Woodrow Wilson. But that does not prevent him from pointing out defects in his character and methods. These defects he sums up as follows:

> Woodrow Wilson was from youth and at maturity a solitary-minded man. He could seize like lightning on another man's idea, make it his own, push it forward eagerly, and apparently forget its source. Again, when he was at the height of his power, he often received letters of suggestion or advice from friends he respected, and returned for them grateful acknowledgments; but this was what he acknowledged: "You have helped me to clarify my own thoughts." He did not enjoy criticism of his work either as a scholar and author, or as a political leader and ruler. Toward a friend who persisted in criticising and differing, Wilson's friendship cooled. When he sought relief from the cares and labors of the anxious days in the White House, he liked best the society of the loving and admiring women of his family. He was capable of treating without due consideration friends of his youth and early prime who later differed from him on important public questions. He himself felt passionate resentment against political opponents who, he thought, maligned him, and he roused in them a corresponding hatred. In short, Woodrow Wilson, like most reformers and pioneering folk, had a fierce and unlovely side.

In reading the foregoing passage in President Eliot's article I began to ask myself whether it is true that most reformers and pioneers have a fierce and unlovely side. It happened that I read the article in a sleeping-car, under a dim berth-light, and as some of the reformers and pioneers, portrayed in the limited pages of history that I have read, passed in a kind of dim procession before me, I wondered about them.

Jesus as a human character was a reformer and pioneer in the sense in which Mr. Eliot applies those terms to Mr. Wilson, but none of his contemporaries report a fierce and unlovely side. Paul, who was also a reformer, was certainly at one time a fierce persecutor, and had some of the unloveliness of extreme austerity. St. Francis of Assisi, a reformer and pioneer in his field, whose moral and spiritual idealism has had as great an influence upon the course of the world as the League of Nations could possibly have, was quite the opposite of a fierce and unlovely person. William the Silent, one of the greatest of political reformers and pioneers, was never fierce, and I do not think that he had an unlovely side. Of Oliver Cromwell, what Mr. Eliot says of Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly true. In his treatment of Ireland he was not only fierce and even tigerish, but he was the personification of unloveliness in many ways. William III of England, the great descendant of William the Silent, had no fierceness, but his bluntness and lack of graciousness may perhaps be said to have verged upon the unlovely. Washington was in a physical sense a pioneer and in a political sense a reformer, although his reform movement was not a social one, and it is the social reformers—like William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, for instance—who are generally so cantankerous. Certainly Washington was never fierce, and his austerity and reserve can hardly be called unlovely. The greatest figure among American Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, was the very personification of gentleness. Fierceness was wholly foreign to him, and while he had a physically unlovely side, his gentle and kindly nature drew men to him with unbreakable bonds of affection. No one can read the story of the relations of Lincoln and Stanton without being touched by the loveliness of Lincoln's attitude towards his fellow-men.

President Eliot's judgment is that future historians will give Woodrow Wilson a high place in the annals of American political personalities. He says:

> Wilson's place in history will be determined by the calm, unbiased historians of 1950 and after; but those who honored and loved him in life think they know now what the historians' verdict will be.

Perhaps it is presumptuous to put my own estimate of Wilson alongside that of

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Wide World Photos

Frank W. Mondell, Permanent Chairman of the Republican National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio

International

Dr. Marion Leroy Burton, President of the University of Michigan, selected to renominate President Coolidge

As the Curtain Rises

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook and a veteran observer of political conventions, journeyed to Cleveland to report the spirit and methods of the gathering of Republican chieftains. When this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers, the actions of that Convention will already be known. This brief telegraphic correspondence which we publish below provides a background against which the news reports of the Convention in the daily press may be studied. To next week's issue Mr. Abbott will contribute an interpretation of the significance of the Republican Convention.—THE EDITORS.

Convention Hall, Cleveland, Ohio,
June 9, 1924.

Two men dominate this Convention. President Coolidge is dominating its policies; Senator La Follette is dominating its precautions and fears. President Coolidge is operating through the small group of his friends or agents who have organized the Convention and have made the major decisions so far. Senator La Follette is operating through the minds of those delegates who know his power in the Northwest and wonder what can be done here to check or oppose or employ it. The result of this double domination is the almost complete elimination of the familiar Old Guard. Three or four are about in hotel corridors, but they are like wraiths. This does not mean a substitution of popular will in the form of the delegates' voices for the commands of the managers, but rather the appearance of what might be called a New Guard. Personally I think the New is better than the Old Guard; I am sure it is honest and more public-spirited, and I infer from some things I hear that it is more efficient, if not politically wiser. The trouble with it seems to be an incomplete understanding of points of view that differ from its own. There is no sign among the delegates, as far as I can learn, that the so-called Massachusetts crowd really understands or has even given itself a chance to understand the feelings of the central agricultural States. Many, if not most, of the delegates are wandering about in a sort of dazed expectancy waiting for something to turn up or for orders that may never come. The real question is the Vice-Presidency. Whoever is selected for that office will have great effect for party advantage or disadvantage. Only a real Progressive—not at all necessarily radical—as Vice-Presidential candidate in whom the people beyond the Mississippi can have confidence will do anything to allay the fears of those delegates who see now the prospect of five, perhaps eight, States falling in behind La Follette.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

the distinguished and honored head of Harvard University. Nevertheless I shall venture to state it for what it is worth. I was not during his lifetime a Wilsonian in politics. I was greatly exasperated by his policy of neutrality during the first two years and a half of the World War, and especially by the expressions and methods which he employed to inculcate that policy. I was greatly exasperated by the cavalier way in which he expressed his contempt for those who, not for political reasons but from honest convictions, advocated reservations in the Covenant of the League of Nations. I was greatly exasperated by his treatment of Ambassador Page, who, I think, was one of the noble figures in the World War.

But I recognize that exasperation of this kind ought to be carefully guarded against in forming a just judgment of any statesman who has played a large and directing part in a social and political crisis. Now that his death has brought an end to the bitterness of political controversy, my sober opinion, I find, on examining my own mind, is that the figure of President Wilson will take a place in history much higher than his opponents have been inclined to give him, and much lower than that to which his most enthusiastic eulogists have assigned him. His greatest quality I should say was his idealism. He had high ideals both for his country and for the civilized world. But he was so convinced of the desirability of those ideals, and of his own far-sightedness in perceiving them, that in striving to embody them in structural form he ignored practical considerations, the limitations of human nature, the forces of political and racial relationships, and even the reasonable demands of friendship.

How much the pathos of Woodrow Wilson's political failure and of his tragic but self-sacrificing illness and death will sway the feelings of historical critics a hundred years hence no man now knows. Of course, whatever may be the final estimate of his economic, social, and political philosophy, he will always have an outstanding place in the pages of history as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in the greatest and most terrible war that the world had known up to his time. If with his idealism he could have combined the human understanding of Benjamin Franklin and the self-abnegation of St. Francis of Assisi, he would have been a splendid figure.

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Platforms of the People

A Democratic Platform Based on the Will of Democratic Voters

IN the unprecedented poll on public opinion undertaken by The Outlook, votes on fifty-seven issues of the Presidential campaign came from all sections of the country, from Democrats, from Republicans, from Independents, from voters of other parties, and from voters of no party at all. Since the polls were closed (April 30) The Outlook has tabulated the result of this poll according to parties, according to men and women, and according to sections of the country. The result shows that in both parties the sentiment of the voters has not been reflected in the action of the party leaders. This poll, therefore, has given expression to party sentiment that would otherwise have remained unexpressed. Now for the first time voters from all over the country have united in telling their public servants what they want.

Two weeks ago The Outlook presented a platform of Republican voters which was based on the ballots and letters sent in to The Outlook poll by Republicans. This week we here present a Democratic platform drafted in like fashion in accord with the wishes expressed by the ballots and letters received from all sections of the country from Democrats.

A Democratic Voters' Platform

THE Democratic party has been, since the fourth day of March, 1921, out of power in National affairs. In the achievements or the failures of the administrative branch of Government it has had no part, can claim no credit, and should be visited with no blame. In the legislative branch of Government the Democratic party has been the minority party, the party of protest, the opposition party.

Now, we, the voters of the Democratic faith, hold that a minority party, while necessarily constituting the opposition to the party in power, is not rightly a party of obstruction. A solemn duty rests no less heavily upon the minority than upon the majority party; and in large part that duty is to be performed by making use of the opportunity which the minority position, by reason of freedom from executive worries, offers for calm and deliberate thought upon all questions of concern to the Government, and then by applying the fruits of such thought, in support or in opposition as the right may lie, to proposals both legislative and administrative.

In the main, the representatives of the Democratic party, during the past three years and more, have performed that duty measurably well. There are those among them who, losing sight of the duty resting upon them as trustees of a minority which may at any election become a majority and heir to the burdens of government, have thrown themselves as obstructions in the path of good causes for no reason except that those causes were advocated by the party in power. These, in all such efforts, we condemn. But to the bulk of the Democratic representatives, in the most of their efforts, we give our approval, realizing that they have not merely been the means of defeating many measures which would have plagued the country, but that there is due to them the credit for assisting in the enactment of those few laws which may be of benefit to our society and our institutions.

This, peculiarly, is a year when the party in power cannot in good conscience do any general "pointing with pride," and when the party out of power is estopped from wholesale "viewing with alarm." There is no cohesive Republican record. The Republicans in Congress have divided into factions which opposed each other and both of which opposed bitterly, at one time or another, the Republican President. The Democratic minority, fairly united, has on the whole as often supported the Republican President as has either faction of his own party. What has been accomplished, if it be good, cannot be appropriated by the Republicans, for it is only partially theirs; and, if it be bad, cannot be pushed aside by the Democrats, for it is in part their creature.

We, the voters of the Democratic household of faith, call attention to these facts to the end that, in the platform we herewith present, we may not be accused of bad faith to our own or of pilfering from the other party when we advocate measures which have been, in some sort, advocated by Republicans.

The Tariff

IN power, the Democratic party advocated the complete divorcement of the tariff from the excitement and the prejudice of political campaigns. Out of power, we are no less devoted to that principle. The flexible provision in the existing tariff law is a part of that policy and should be continued. With the exception of that provision, we hold the Fordney-McCumber tariff unsound and destructive of the best interests of the American people. It has been the most important factor in destroying our markets abroad for agricultural products, bringing distress upon our farming population, and creating an economic condition which, sooner or later, must injure all classes of our people. Our traditional opposition to a protective tariff is unchanged.

Taxation

THE duty that will press hardest upon the President and the Congress to be elected this year will be the enactment into law of a scientific plan for the reduction of taxes on incomes, which, we hold, cannot be justly accomplished without at the same time framing a scientific plan for a revenue tariff and a law taxing land held out of use. No tax bill submitted at the recent session of the Congress—not even that proposed by the Democratic minority—was adequate to the needs of the country. The tax law recently passed is a makeshift, secured as a measure of temporary relief, partly through Democratic effort, when it became apparent that the Republicans would not themselves accept scientific reduction.

Transportation

A LARGE measure of economy in the operation of railways and in consequent saving to the shippers of the Nation could be secured through consolidation of the railways of the country into a few great systems. We do not approve, at this time, forcing such consolidation upon the roads, but would extend Government encouragement to voluntary consolidation. The existing transportation act, under which Government aid is extended to the railways, appears to be, in existing circumstances, necessary; but we none the less believe that dependence upon Government for aid to business or for relief to the incompetent is enervating. Under the Esch-Cummins Act, a creature of the Republican party, freight rates have grown up which are oppressive and, in many cases, suffocating to industry. We believe that rate reduction is requisite to a restoration of general and evenly distributed prosperity. Legislative fixing of freight rates is not, on principle, desirable, but we realize that the railways enervated by Government aid may require legislative stimulation properly to perform their functions. Na-

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tionalization of the railways with co-operative administration by workers, shippers, and the public is not now desirable, but it may be rendered necessary unless a method is found for satisfactory adjustment of rates and unless the railways demonstrate ability to operate under private management without continual enervating aid from the Government.

Mercantile Marine

THE mercantile marine, built up by the Government as an aid in winning the war against Germany, should be maintained. If it needed a subsidy to preserve it, we should not be opposed; but it does not. It should be operated by the Government until such time as the ships can be sold for operation by private owners without the necessity for enervating Government aid.

Preparedness

WE hold Congress responsible—Democratic members as well as the Republican majority—for endangering the public defense, since, after the treaty for the limitation of armaments assured our safety, Congress deliberately permitted the Navy of the United States to fall deplorably below the standard set by that agreement. We demand that this error be repaired. We demand also the immediate expansion of the air mail service as a contribution not alone to the convenience and the prosperity of the people in time of peace but as an additional safeguard against the possibility of war.

Agricultural Relief

BY the recurrence of small surpluses of farm products, American farmers are reduced periodically to the verge of ruin by the depression of prices of all farm products to or below the cost of production. That condition has been alarmingly existent during the past three years, when the stomach of the world has been empty, the back of the world all but unclothed, and the need for our farm surpluses greater than ever before in our history. This condition, we believe, would not have existed had we not estranged ourselves from the nations of Europe by setting our Nation apart in selfish isolation and by building around ourselves a tariff wall which did not so effectively keep out the products of foreign factories as it kept in the products of American farms. It is imperative that there be created a Government agency with authority to dispose of our agricultural surpluses abroad. While we believe that the farmers are as much entitled to Government aid as are the manufacturers who are aided under the tariff law or the railways which are aided under the Esch-Cummins Act or the shipowners who would be aided by the proposed Republican ship subsidy, we do not favor Federal purchase of wheat or Government fixing of prices of staple farm products. We would, however, extend all possible aid to farmers' co-operative societies, would broaden the system of farm credits, and would develop the St. Lawrence waterways as facilitating the movement of surpluses to foreign markets.

Foreign Relations

MANY of the evils that have fallen, not alone upon us but upon the world, would have been prevented by prompt adherence of the United States to the League of Nations. These evils cannot now be wholly cured, but they can be palliated and many future evils can be prevented by an honest and open alignment of the United States with the other civilized nations of the world in the only association that is effectively functioning. We look with pity upon the efforts of the Republican party to effect an entrance by a side door. Adherence to the World Court, an organic part of the League of Nations, we approve. The Hague Tribunal we recognize as somewhat ineffectual but as an amiable gesture of fraternity. As a measure of peace, we condemn the sale of arms to foreign governments. We demand the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine as a Democratic principle subsisting for a hundred years. We commend the Republican Secretary of State for his frank adoption of the Democratic policy of non-recognition of Soviet Russia and for unofficial co-operation with foreign commissions when his party had denied him official authority to co-operate. The repayment of moneys advanced to European nations when they were at war for their existence is due us in the amicable relationships of peoples, and would, we believe, be the more cheerfully and promptly made did we display toward our sister nations a more amicable spirit.

Immigration

THE immigration laws now on the statute-books have accomplished a part of the desideratum in maintaining a homogeneous American people, but the duty will be incumbent upon the incoming Administration to strengthen and amplify those laws.

Government Reorganization

BUREAUCRATIC authority has grown up in Washington through a long period of years and mainly under Republican administrations. Innumerable services not essential to the general welfare of the people but conferring questionable benefits upon limited classes have continued and grown through half a century. To these have been added some war-time activities which should have been discontinued, if not by the Democrats in the immediate aftermath of war, certainly by the Republicans in the comparatively normal years of their administration. Thoroughgoing reorganization, untainted by partisan considerations, would effect an economy tremendously greater than any that has been mentioned by the party in power.

General Welfare

WE call upon the States to ratify the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States conferring upon Congress the power to prevent the exploitation of children in industry. We favor the enactment of a Federal law against lynching; of laws securing equal social, legal, and industrial rights to women; of a law creating a Federal Employment Bureau.

Labor

AS facilitating the dealings of Government with organized labor, the Railroad Labor Board should be continued. The comfort of the people and the progress of the Nation have been so often and so seriously threatened by disagreements between miners and operators that, in our opinion, it is desirable to give serious thought to a possible plan of nationalizing coal mines under democratic administration by workers, consumers, and technical experts. The injunction in labor disputes is an ugly weapon but, for the present at least, a necessary one.

Conservation

WE demand not only a continuance but a strengthening of the National policy of conservation of public resources endangered during the Republican administration. With the rapid development of a super-system of water power, which in the interest of public safety must remain always under Government control, exact rectitude in the administration of resources becomes more imperative.

Money

WE oppose the issue of Federal currency based on commodities and labor as a debasement of our currency and a peril to our entire financial structure.

Bonus

WE oppose the principle of granting service gratuities to those who served in the army and navy during a period of war, and we call upon Con-

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gress to go no further with bonus legislation than the gift insurance bill recently enacted.

Education

THE future of our country must increasingly depend upon the proper education of its citizens. The States can never be depended upon for a uniform system which will insure to all citizens an equal opportunity as the result of comparable mental equipment. Federal support of education does not constitute an encroachment upon the rights of the States, and adequate means should be found for more liberal Federal encouragement of schools.

Prohibition

THE Amendment to the Federal Constitution which prohibits traffic in intoxicating liquors is now no more in the field of politics than is the Amendment which prohibits slavery. Both are alike the fundamental law of the land and equally demand the respect of every citizen. The public will not tolerate tampering with the law stipulating the alcoholic content of beverages. Strict enforcement of the law, by officials under Civil Service regulations, is essential.

Ku Klux Klan

WE rededicate ourselves to the principle of absolute freedom of conscience in matters religious and political.

Democratic Dynamite

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

IT sounds painfully melodramatic to say that the Democratic party will be hanging on the edge of destruction during its Convention in New York. I was politely skeptical when the idea was first given me a couple of months ago, but as the Convention draws near it is becoming more and more possible—it is even perhaps probable—that the party will emerge a quite different organization from the one we have known since the Civil War. It is even not impossible that it will emerge in fragments which can never be reunited by any political skill.

Of course it is about equally likely that nothing much will happen except a tedious deadlock and a compromise which pleases no one. Of all forms of political prophecy, that of guessing at the actions of a Democratic Convention may fairly be ranked as the least profitable. The Democrats have always fought each other bitterly, yet after each knock-down-and-drag-out battle they have come out of convention with most of their wounds decently covered and have presented a sufficiently smooth and solid front. They may do it again.

I pointed this out to the politician who first suggested the likelihood of a damaging explosion at New York. He is a born Democrat, by the way.

"Oh, yes, but there has never been such a fight as this will be if it ever gets started," he answered. "I really believe that our only hope is to keep it from starting, and I don't see how that can be done now. Too many people are acting unterrified. It will be the most dangerous situation that has ever come before a political convention—one hundred per cent dynamite. Always before we have fought over politics and policies, free silver, Government ownership, League of Nations, or what not, and those things can always be compromised. The fight that is threatened this time is over religion—the Klan against the Catholics. We are actually going to have to decide whether the Klansmen shall run the party or be run out!

"That fight involves emotions that haven't been stirred up in American politics for seventy-five years. It drags in convictions, prejudices, instincts, hatreds, and fears that can't be compromised. That issue is like a keg of powder. We'll be sitting on it all the time, whether it goes off or not. And if it does!—" He broke off into a long whistle and threw up his hands.

Not all political observers and manipulators here agree as to the extent of the damage that will be done if the Klan-Catholic issue is raised on the floor of the Convention, but most agree that it can hardly be kept off and that it will have startling results of some kind. At least a dozen men of both parties have told me within the week that they expect this to be the most important political convention since 1896—perhaps since 1860.

The Dangling Sword of the Klan

IT is, in truth, hardly possible to exaggerate the danger the Klan issue holds, especially for the Democrats. The Republicans have succeeded in evading it so far, but the Democrats cannot evade it. In the first place, the Klan has had to make most of its drive for political power through the Democratic party, in spite of occasional forays into the Republican camp like the one in Indiana. The Republican party, with the nomination of Coolidge assured, offered comparatively little scope for Klan influence. In the second place, the Klan leaders are mostly Democrats. In the third, the Klan started in the South, cut deeply into the party machines there, and was thus sure of a strong following at the National Convention.

On the other side is the fact that the Democratic party is by tradition the one that has fought such movements. Jefferson beat the Federalists and came into power in 1800 by rallying the newly arrived immigrants against the nativists of his time. The Democrats made capital of the aliens in the '30s, again in the '50s against the Know-Nothings, and in the '70s against the A. P. A. Thus the Democratic party of the North has drawn in the bulk of the alien groups, and there is a large body of Democrats already arrayed against the Klan. A bitter fight is ready made.

There can be no doubt that battle has been joined between the two groups, and that even if open conflict is avoided the Klan issue will be the secret basis for every contest at the Convention. It is impossible to discuss any feature of the Convention for a minute without stumbling over that issue. Every plank, every candidate for anything, every delegate, has been and will be measured by it.

The fight will be the more bitter because it will intensify beyond all calculation cleavages which have existed for two generations. Since the Civil War the party has been almost wholly one of opposition. Even its so-called constructive issues, like free silver and Government ownership, have been drawn up against Big Business. The Republicans, with all their quarrels and inconsistencies, have on the whole kept a nucleus of thought. They have been the party of conservatism, of restricted government functions, of encouragement of business. Most of their radicalism has been a mere vote-catcher. But the Democrats have no such nucleus. They have gathered

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up the opposition, not only from both extremes but from the South, which brought in such men as Ransdell and Underwood, who in political thought are for all practical purposes Republican.

The Line of Cleavage

THIS has caused sharp division between two factions of the party, which represent fundamentally different instincts and interests. There is some overlapping, of course, but too little to be important. The party is utterly at odds on vital points, and it happens that the same individuals are almost always grouped together, no matter what the issue may be. This division may be expressed as follows:

North vs. South and West.
City vs. Farm and Town.
Alien vs. Native Stock.
Industrial vs. Farming.
Conservative vs. Liberal.
Wet vs. Dry.

It is evident that these groups are opposed in feelings, ambitions, and interests. They have held together only through desire for office and opposition to the Republicans. Yet they have held together; compromises have always been made; and when the Republicans had roused enough resentment the united enemies were able to win.

Now there is to be added to these ancient disagreements one much worse; that of Klan vs. Catholic and Alien. That suddenly brings to a white heat the old quarrel between Anglo-Saxon and all other stocks; far more dangerous, it injects into the feud, even though the words are never even whispered, the old, rancorous issue of Protestant against Catholic. Not all Protestants are with the Klan, nor all Anglo-Saxons, but the lines are there, and they once more, and more bitterly than ever, divide the same old groups. Once let that issue get loose on the floor of the Convention, once let the orators on both sides unlimber their batteries, and the old cleavage will be widened beyond measure, old wounds will be torn open and new ones will be inflicted, and the battle will have a violence and deadliness which may lead to almost any result the most active imagination can conceive.

The Power of Alienism

IT is now becoming evident that the leaders of what we may call the "alien" faction—those who depend largely on the votes of recent immigrants and of the children of foreign stock who have remained in the racial and religious blocs of the big cities—decided last winter to repeat the historic tactics of the party and appeal to those blocs. The plan seems to have been formed at the meeting of Murphy, Taggart, and Brennan at French Lick. Fundamentally it was a hopeful one because of the large number of native Americans who would unite with the aliens and Catholics to beat the Klan. The nomination of any man who would appeal to both these groups would have been an excellent one from a political standpoint.

The conference was followed by the

(C) Underwood

Governor Smith, of New York, a leading candidate for President at the Democratic National Convention

boom for Governor Smith—who is not such a man, since he is a Catholic and has been labeled a "wet," and will thus drive many "dry" Protestants away and be unable to unite the full anti-Klan strength in spite of the great popularity which his character and record have won. The boom was not taken seriously at first, since it has been a political axiom that no Catholic can be elected President. Now that Murphy is dead it may never be known whether he ever seriously expected Smith to win, or merely intended to gather up the alien and Catholic strength into a force that could dominate the Convention. Whatever the plan, the Smith boom has now gone so far that it cannot be dropped gracefully. Although Smith represents the anti-Klan sentiment in its most extreme and bitter form, millions of his followers have for that very reason fastened to him their desire to establish once for all the full equality of Catholics, Jews, and "aliens," and any compromise would be to them an admission that this had been denied them.

A glance at the Smith delegates easily shows the nature of most of his support. They come almost entirely from States where the foreign groups are large: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Minnesota—all are heavily hyphenated. The "alien" tinge to the Smith boom has been recognized by his managers, and the formation of the "native son" committee is a palpable attempt to offset it. It should be remarked that this attempt has failed; in the West and South Smith is considered simply the representative of the Catholic and "alien" blocs.

In spite of the strength of the Smith boom, therefore, it is not likely that his managers expect him to win. Various hints and rumors have been put out indicating that plans have been made to offer at the proper time compromise candidates who would be almost equally satisfactory to the Smith Democrats, but would be free from Smith's disabilities and would be acceptable to the other faction because the contrast would have the color of a surrender. Senator Copeland at the moment seems to be the most likely of these, since he is a Protestant of American stock, but has worked well with the Catholic and "alien" Tammany bosses. Silzer is also mentioned, Underwood less prominently. Gossip puts Senator Reed, of Missouri, in the list of men considered available for this honor, but the Klan removed him by the overwhelming defeat it administered in his own State.

From all these indications it seems fair to suppose that the plans of the Smith leaders are to do all they can to send to the White House a man who would not only put the Klan in its place and perhaps destroy it, but would demonstrate that a Catholic of alien stock was able to defeat a Protestant of American ancestry. They seem to have determined to go as far as possible with Smith, who would be a complete demonstration of this, but to be willing, if he proves impossible, to offer graduated compromises till they find one which will give them as much of this ambition as they can.

There was a reasonable basis for expecting success with this programme; there still is, for the group of bosses has dominated most of the Democratic Conventions in recent years. It is solid, led by cool-headed and expert politicians, well financed and well intrenched in its own strongholds. It commands nearly half the Democratic vote of the country and above half the political skill. It nominated Grover Cleveland, then after the Bryan excitement named Parker in 1904, lost to Bryan again in 1908, won with Wilson in 1912 and with Cox in 1920. There were compromises, to be sure, but on the whole the bosses got about what they wanted. They could therefore fairly hope to do so again.

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The loss of Murphy's brains and prestige has done more than anything else to make their success doubtful.

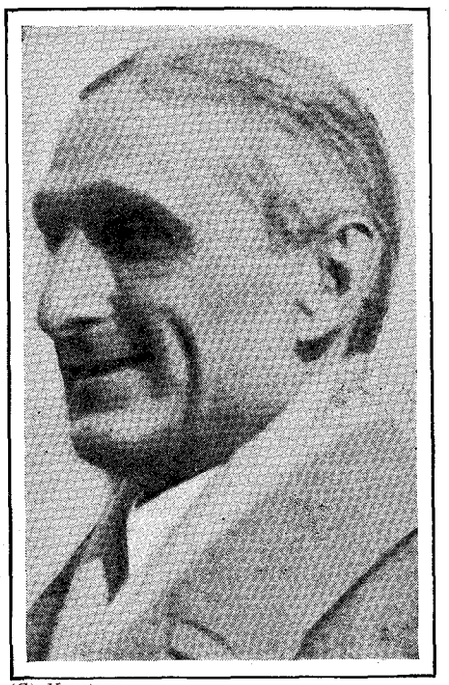
Against them stands the slightly larger but far less well unified group of native, liberal, and country-bred Democrats. In that group are several small factions which may become important but probably will not, two great powers, and one strong possibility. These three are the Klan and McAdoo groups, and the Ralston boom. The three overlap considerably, but at this date (June 10) I believe I am safe in saying that there has been no working alliance among them, though negotiations are going on. This means that, though some of the minor Klan leaders are for McAdoo and a smaller number for Ralston, the Klan as a whole has not been committed to either by its Imperial officers. But it should be noted that neither of these men, nor any other of this group, can be nominated without an alliance with the Klan or with the Smith faction—which is almost impossible. I do not know, of course, the "considerations" on which either alliance can be obtained, but they must be met before a nomination is made.

How McAdoo Came Back

ONE of the remarkable features of the campaign has been the return of McAdoo's strength. After the exposure of his relations with Doheny one of his close lieutenants told me that there was no hope of more than 350 delegates, yet the present count gives him above 500, with another 100 in reserve for later ballots.

An analysis of these delegates, however, shows that they are not by any means all straight McAdoo men. The Klan has had much to do with his piling up of strength. Even though it is not as a whole committed to him, there have almost certainly been arrangements between McAdoo agents and Klan leaders in some States, notably Texas. This does not, of course, disprove McAdoo's own denial that he has made a deal with the Klan. In most States the explanation seems to be that he was opposed in the primaries only by Underwood, who is openly and vigorously hostile to the Klan, and that therefore he automatically got Klan support. But in most such cases the delegates are Klansmen rather than McAdoo men, and one estimate given me is that of his whole strength at least half would desert if the Klan ordered it. The Klan also has some delegates who are not listed for McAdoo.

The Ralston strength is different, being largely psychological. He has a few delegates, the support of the astute and resourceful Tom Taggart, and some good will from both sides. Taggart has always been identified with the big bosses, yet Ralston is in high favor with many Klansmen because of some remarks in a speech two years ago which they take as an indorsement of their attack on parochial schools. His chief asset is the likelihood that the Klan would accept him, if Taggart could bring the bosses to do so. But the Ralston boom has slipped badly lately and will vanish entirely if



(C) Keystone

Willlam G. McAdoo, who will enter the Convention with many votes for the nomination

there is a fight too hot to be compromised.

In these circumstances it is almost inevitable that there should in time be an alliance between McAdoo and the Klan, though neither is at all whole-heartedly in love with the other. McAdoo, indeed, has been trying to erase the Klan label by supporting Senator Thomas Walsh for Chairman of the Convention, and intrusting his nominating speech to another Catholic. But such an alliance would solidify the entire "native" and "liberal" faction and could probably control the Convention on everything except actual nomination. If discovered, however, it would add greatly to the tension of the situation.

Will the Dynamite Go Off?

THIS, then, is the dynamite in the Democratic situation. It may not explode, but the party will be "sitting on the keg" throughout the Convention and to a great extent through the entire campaign. How great the explosion will be if it comes, and how much damage will be done, of course cannot be guessed. Who can estimate the force of fierce emotions based on race, religion, and opposing interests when released in a hot and crowded hall?

An ominous detail is that the fight will start early in the Convention if Senator Underwood keeps his promise to demand a hot anti-Klan plank in the platform. That will force the issue. If that plank is once debated on the floor, then the Convention, no matter what the result, will be sore, bitter, inflamed, and in no mood for compromise or reason when the nominations come up. This may make nomination impossible under the two-thirds rule, since neither factions can at any time control a two-thirds vote. The exact strength on any division will depend somewhat on just how each issue is presented, but on the whole it may be said that the big bosses will control two-fifths of the delegates, the McAdoo-Klan crowd one-half, and the other tenth will be shifting. The two-thirds rule, then, will become of vital importance.

Matters affecting organization and the platform will be decided in the Convention on a straight majority vote, but the nomination cannot be without serious trouble first. The Democratic custom for nearly a hundred years has been to demand a two-thirds vote for nomination. That rule has been held almost sacred, particularly in the South, since it has prevented either faction of the poorly teamed party from dominating the other. It has several times been the salvation of the Southern and Western wing. It cannot be abrogated without a fight, yet if both factions stick to their guns it would actually prevent any nomination at all!

There is much talk of rescinding the rule, and technically this could be done at any moment by a mere majority vote. In a sufficiently hot struggle this would be entirely feasible the moment that any candidate had a solid and last-ditch majority. But this does not mean that it could actually be done, even if McAdoo or Smith got a nominal majority. There might be many among the supporters of either who would refuse to overturn so venerable a tradition. Others would fear that the reaction, especially in the South, would insure the defeat of any candidate nominated as the result of such a coup. If this is done, it will almost certainly be by an alliance of the Klan and McAdoo forces.

Another parliamentary move which is being talked of is the abolition of the "unit rule." This would be an advantage to the Smith faction. Under this rule many State delegations are voted solidly, even though they contain delegates who favor some other man than the one for whom the unit vote is cast. It happens that there are a dozen or two Smith

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delegates submerged in various McAdoo delegations. Here, also, is fuel.

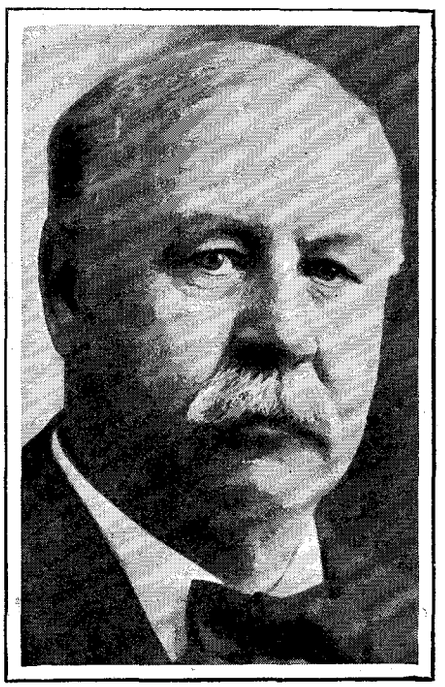
There is yet another danger of trouble, simply because the Convention will be held in New York. This is a Smith stronghold, ruled by Tammany. Now, a political convention differs in several important respects from a tea party, and Tammany knows well how to take advantage of those differences. That the galleries will be packed with Smith shouters who will howl down every anti-Smith and every pro-Klan speaker and will try to create an atmosphere that is nothing but Smith, will be the least of the troubles. Men who remember the difficulties which any one but Champ Clark had in getting into the Baltimore Convention in 1912 fear the repetition of the same tactics on a larger and perhaps a rougher scale. Mob influence is probable, strong-arm tactics are at least possible. But the non-Smith elements, the Texans and Oregonians and Kentuckians and their ilk, are not the breed to take kindly to any such performances. Several of them have told me so at length!

It is consideration of all these possibilities which makes so many politicians say that this Convention will be the most important in generations, and made my friend talk about the possible break-up of the party. If the explosive Klan-Catholic issue could be kept quiet, there would be chance for negotiations, compromise, the confining of recriminations and bitterness to committee rooms and secret conclaves, and the final adoption of an innocuous platform and colorless candidate. But the flags of both factions have already been run up. With the first broaching of the issue they will be nailed to the mast.

Food for Democratic Pessimists

It is hard to see how any winning platform or candidate can come out of the Convention after that; hard to see how the party can even come out whole! For either faction to accept a candidate that the other approves would even now mean humiliation; it may easily become impossible. Democratic leaders in half a dozen Southern States have told me that if there is an anti-Klan plank, or if the nomination goes to Smith or "any one the Tammany gang likes," their States will go Republican. And if the anti-Klan plank is beaten and McAdoo or one of his group is named with Klan support and after the anti-Klan forces have been publicly humbled, then it will be equally hard to hold in the party the great States where the "alien" groups dominate the organization.

In view of all this, the other issues at the Convention are minor. There is a list of some thirty "dark horses"—not worth printing. The public reaction against the muckraking by Democratic Senators has deprived the good government issue of the force it might have had. The tax plank is foregone. The only issue of interest is prohibition, and on that the indications are that there will be no fight, since the Smith forces wish to avoid any "wet" stigma and will support a strong dry plank. The handling of this question will be delicate, however, as it is the desire of the Klan leaders to defeat Smith and the "alien" group



Keystone

Samuel B. Ralston, Senator from Indiana, whom the lightning may strike

on the liquor issue, instead of on race or religious grounds.

There is one comfort that may be drawn, even by far-sighted Democrats, if the explosion should take place and the party go to pieces. This is that it would help greatly toward clearing the ground for a political realignment that would restore some sanity and coherence to our politics. The Republican party this year will be more consistent than in recent years, thanks to Coolidge's own conservatism and his refusal to carry "Progressive" water on the other shoulder. But that in itself will help little. Many of our most astute politicians, including Roosevelt, have come to the conclusion that the realignment cannot take place till the Solid South is broken. Roosevelt had hoped to do it with the Progressive party. Later he believed that it could come only when the Democratic party broke into its natural parts, along the lines of cleavage already described, through sloughing off one of its two discordant elements.

I put this question to the Democratic friend quoted early in this article. He is from a border State and noted for his broad-mindedness.

"I expect that's right," he admitted. "So long as the South is sure to go Democratic, the Republicans can't divide on natural lines without being certain to get licked. There'd be no sense in that. I hate to admit that the Democratic party stands in the way of better politics, but it looks that way. I don't really believe we're any worse mixed than the Republicans, you understand, but maybe we ought to bust up first. But trying to do it is something else. It's too risky a job; no one can tell what might happen. If it happens of itself, though, it might not be so bad."

As I remarked before, all this sounds highly melodramatic. It seems rather too much to expect. I myself did not believe there was any possibility of it till I visited Indiana and saw the almost complete wiping out of party lines which had been caused there by the injection of the Klan issue. With that as an object-lesson, almost anything seems possible.

The Peacemakers

Of course every effort is being made by the saner leaders of both factions and of the Klan to prevent the explosion. Klan officials have told me at length how they hope to avoid an open fight, to hold the issue away from race or religion, to beat Smith without recourse to extreme measures, and to induce the party to avoid taking sides on the Klan. The efforts of both Smith and McAdoo workers to soften the conflict have been told. Pressure is being put on Underwood to make him drop his announced plan to demand an anti-Klan plank. Altogether these efforts may succeed.

They may succeed, but the dynamite is there. The opposing leaders are willing to speak softly, but they have shown no sign of abating a jot of their demands. The Klansmen intend to beat Smith at any cost. The Smith people intend to win or know why. Underwood is committed to his fight. Any attempt to compromise is handicapped by the knowledge that if the issue is hushed and the Klan is not attacked, it will be construed as a Klan victory. A single slip during the Convention would undo all the efforts at pacification and compromise.

And, melodramatic and startling as the possibilities outlined are, they will become not only possible but probable the moment the Klan-Catholic fight is started.

Washington, June 10, 1924.

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The German Industrial Outlook

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

Labor

"I DO not hear as many expressions of hatred for France as I did a year ago," I remarked to a German the other day. "Even the Reichstag President makes a speech without referring to the occupation troops, but distinctly urging friendly relations with France and Belgium."

The German replied: "You do not have to seek far for the reason for this change. It is this: certainty has replaced uncertainty. We can often stand certainty, no matter how awful. But uncertainty is sure to destroy moral fiber. Until late last autumn we did not know for a certainty, first, how long the passive resistance of our Ruhr workmen would hold out. When men are out of work a black cloud overhangs any country. It was especially black here because it meant a sure future of famine.

"Second, if passive resistance should end, we did not know what terms the French and Belgian occupation heads would make at resuming work in our mines and factories and on our railways.

"With regard to both points we now have certainty. Passive resistance ceased months ago, and our men are at work again, now for the French as well as for us."

Despite the re-employment, towards a million men, it is claimed, are still either out of work or on part time. The number is large because of friction among those willing and those unwilling to work longer than the eight-hour day (the great victory obtained by the labor revolution of November, 1918). The employers have been appealing to their employees, declaring that the now acknowledged necessity to pay reparations for war damages compels a return to the longer hours requirement. Germany can never pay all she owes save by exporting some two-fifths more goods over the best year of exports she has ever known. To get those goods all, employers and employees alike, must work more hours. Certain labor leaders have already agreed to the extension. Hence the employers request the annulment of all the old eight-hour contracts.

But there have been many malcontents, and, in consequence, a number of factories have had to close down. There have even been menacing Communist demonstrations. The other day I saw not a few broken shop windows, one result of fights between the willing and the unwilling workers.

No matter how this present affair turns out, the German workman remains practically unexcelled; he is generally ready to work more hours a day than are the workmen of any other nation. He is also quite as reliable a man as are they.

And, despite financial double-dealing, the German industrial employer in his genius for organization also remains unexcelled. None appreciate this better than do the French industrialists, and this is why some of them would like to combine with the German firms.

Industrial Co-operation

MANY German industrialists too consider this collaboration inevitable. One of them suggests participation by the French and Belgian Governments of, say, thirty per cent of the shares of certain great German industries. This proposition has not met with much favor among other industrialists here. An exchange of shares, they point out, between two industrial organizations is always natural and often normal. But to let governments participate in the affairs of these societies would be forced, unnatural, stupid. In this particular case the security of the shares is not guaranteed. Even if it were, the amount of participation would not equal the amount of reparation. On the French and Belgian side the objection is that, with their assistance, there would be sufficient capital to run the German inflated industries at full pressure, and so to undersell other countries. To this the Germans rejoin that only by bringing their production to a maximum can the German industries hope to make a profit.

Other German industrialists suggest the following: As all the Allies need German steel and chemical products and as three of the Allies (France, Belgium, Italy) need German coal and coke, the Governments and the industrialists on both sides should fix long-term annuities —say, thirty years—to be met by the sale of goods at market value. To this some French and Belgians object that there might be a possible partial paralysis of their trade, due to the sudden competition. They suggest, therefore, for each line of product an agreement compelling Germany to sell at world prices and providing for a fair margin of profit, half of which would be paid by German industry into the Reparation Fund.

The production of coal down in the Ruhr Valley has now increased to over three-quarters of the normal and that of coke to over half. But iron and steel production still lags behind.

Of course all Germany ought to support the payment of the debts of its Government to the Allies. The effect of the recent agreements between the occupation authorities and the Ruhr industrialists is to put the greater burden of payment to the charge of those industrialists. They should not be singled out, they protest, to pay the debts of the whole country, especially when in this unoccupied part of Germany, from Frankfort to the east, industry remains intact. That industry is the Fatherland's real fortune, they assert, because on it one can build a genuine credit, and hence it means a German financial renaissance. The industries of the Ruhr and the Rhine, on the other hand, these industrialists point out, are now in the hands of the foreigner, and you can predicate nothing of the same kind concerning them.

Yet the stranger within the German gates feels that the industries of the occupied rather than of the unoccupied regions of Germany are proving to be the instrument of German financial renaissance. For nearly half a year those industries have been regularly subordinated to the German reparations debt. In so far as that debt is satisfied, Germany frees herself and is born anew.

In these arrangements the German Government has not counted. The Allies refused to consider any intimation that it should be represented. It was known that the Government's policy was to prevent any agreements whatever, but if they were established, then not to approve them; otherwise, its action might be taken as tantamount to recognizing the occupation's legality. No, the governmental maneuver has had a greater prevision. Restraining as much as possible the productivity of the pledge held by France and Belgium in the Ruhr—and so injuring its own workingmen—it would obtain their consent to the longest possible delay in the reparations payments.

Praise be, the International Experts Committee's report has now spoiled that maneuver. Very well. The German Government takes refuge under that control, for it will assure credits to Germany This is one way of looking at it. The main thing is, however, that the control will force self-respect upon Germany and assure justice to Germany's creditors.

Frankfort, Germany.

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Scions of Conquering

Photographs by Miss Dorothy

The Hidalgo Gets a Shine

Perhaps the gentleman is not a real hidalgo, but only a ranchero visiting Mexico City to see the sights. At any rate, he is dressed in his best. His hat, with its elaborate silver trimming, is protected by an oilcloth covering against possible damage by rain. Such a hat may weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds and cost two or three hundred dollars. Silver ornaments decorate the visitor's trousers. The photograph was taken in the Zocalo, or main square of the city

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and Conquered Races

Dennison, of Mexico City

An Indian Beggar Woman of Coyoacan

Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City, possesses one of the oldest buildings on the continent — the Palacio of Cortez, erected in 1522 by the conqueror. It was in Coyoacan that the last prince of the Aztecs was tortured to make him reveal his treasures. In this picture of a woman of the race conquered by Cortez it is interesting to note that the skirt is made of a single piece of cloth arranged in folds. The sack about the woman's neck contains food obtained by begging

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How Japan Took It

By GEORGE MARVIN

This special correspondence from Tokyo is a first-hand report of the conduct of the Japanese people during the progress and enactment of our Exclusion Law

SPIRITUALLY the Exclusion Act hit Japan very much as the September earthquake hit the Tokyo region materially. In the latter case the effects are still desolatingly visible. The effects of the exclusion law are not now—at the end of May—visible at all, but they will endure and become increasingly visible long after every trace of the earthquake has been obliterated.

Such is the consensus of the best opinion of the leading bankers, business men, Government officials in and out of office, members of the always calm and inexpressive nobility, and of the man in and on these torn-up streets all the way from the very capable manager of the Imperial Hotel—who almost single-handed housed and fed official Tokyo, domestic and foreign, while the dust of the earthquake settled and the embers of the fire burned themselves out—to the young student at the Imperial University who tries out his English on you in the trolley car. And, moreover, this is the conviction which one reaches independently after following for a month with these "excluded" people the trying progress of the exclusion measure from its first passage as a bill through the Senate to its enactment into law and acceptance by a nation which all Japan supposed was now at last, after Washington Conference and earthquake, its most firm friend.

Both shocks have been revealers of Japanese character, individually and nationally; under each disaster—both, as they believe, although apprehended, equally undeserved out of the blue sky—the extraordinary discipline and restraint, the patience and fortitude, of this "inferior" people have been beyond praise, things for an Occidental in their midst to wonder over every day, things which only two thousand years of self-control can explain.

Tokyo and Yokohama are really one great city—a great city and its port, connected by twenty-five miles of populous, straggling suburban ugliness. Until you get used to it this whole metropolitan area is the wildest combination of war-time devastated France, Oklahoma boom town, Camp Merritt at the height of the overseas movement, and Coney Island with most of the lights and all the joy taken out of it. Dust and mud, bricks, corrugated iron, lumber, piping, the rusty reinforcement sticking out of ruined concrete, with here and there great perfect New York or Paris buildings looming up—it's hard to tell at first whether a city is being assembled or demolished. Trains and trolleys, electric and steam, run continually through the débris and construction, and all over and under and across it swarm cheerful working human beings, the way ants swarm about their business when you kick down a big ant hill; sawing, hauling, hammering, chiseling, planning, hoisting, doing the work of machinery and horses and cattle with their own hands and bodies, untiring, and never a complaint out of one of them.

Out of the Wreckage

AND watching this daily picture, rain or shine, of a whole people crawling out from under the ruins of their shops and offices and homes and taking up again the business and hope of life with such patient courage, you just wonder how the folks at home could have done it. How could they have found it in their hearts to hit a people like this when they were down? If there is anything "inferior" about the exhibition, physically and morally, that Japan is making to-day, we, who are out here with them, would like to have it explained to us. Not even putting ourselves across the Pacific can we follow the process of reasoning which leads to any such conclusion. What is obvious any one can see—the material side of Japan in trouble. Every now and then a big "round the world" or "Oriental cruise" steamer comes into the blasted port of Yokohama, and its load of prosperous, care-free tourists drifts up to Tokyo full of curiosity and vacation. Even they are impressed with the spirit of this excluded people building up their lost cities again. You hear them talking about it as they lounge in the Arabian Nights Imperial Hotel or travel about in the trains. They will take it back with them to America by the boat-load, and one hopes that they know many Congressmen. But what any tourist can see is a small part, and a much less significant part, of the "inferior" performance Japan has been making, is making, and will continue to make.

What a tourist does not see, and what no outsider can comprehend at once, is the unity, the fortitude held together and inspired by a sense of family loyalty, inborn Samurai ability to take punishment smiling, which makes it possible for these stricken people to stand overwhelming disaster calmly and with spirit.

In probably no other country than the United States do the people read the newspapers as do the urban populations of Japan—all classes and the masses. But with this difference: whereas in America foreign news in times of peace is the least interesting to the majority of the millions who follow the daily news, on the contrary, foreign news in its simplified terms is often the part of the daily story in which the millions are most interested. Remember that there is an extraordinarily low percentage of illiteracy in Japan. Your rickshaw coolie, sitting on the foot-board of his grounded buggy while he waits for you, pulls out his daily "Hochi" or his "Yorudzu" or "Nichi-Nichi" and reads about what they are doing to him "over there." In the evenings down long streets of lighted shops you can see the proprietors squatting on their mats inside poring over the paper. The office boys, the bell boys, the schoolboys read. The thousands of Young Japan, male and female, who greatly, to our way of thinking, overstaff the banks and department stores and overpopulate the industrial centers, devour the daily news. They take a genuine interest in what they read and they talk together of what they learn. And nothing interests Japan old and young more than matters affecting national prestige and pride.

This makes the national restraint under the present strain the more amazing. One might think that they did not know what was happening at Washington or were unaffected by it. The reverse is the truth. And yet throughout this month, which has been marked by successive affronts to their national pride, there has not occurred in any part of Japan a single demonstration against the United States. There has been no instance of an affront offered to an American. It seems incredible that a whole people could feel so strongly and yet control their feelings so admirably. During this month I have been constantly on the streets, in public conveyances, in and out of banks, business houses, clubs, hotels;

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frequently at the Foreign office and the American Embassy. *In not one single case have I encountered so much as a hostile look.*

If You Were in Their Shoes

REVERSE the conditions, say the Japanese who have lived many years in the States—not without a sense of grim humor—and candidly ask yourself what would happen. Suppose, if you can, that the United States had been given an affront which cut the people to the quick, and at a time when they were wide open with gratitude and totally disarmed for the blow to their "national pride"—to what, for each one of you, the Stars and Stripes represent. What would be your attitude towards the citizens of the offending nation as an alien body within your borders, or towards the individual Japanese you met on the streets? What would be the tone of your press, Hearst or otherwise? Would any public meetings of protest be held? If the Senate, a deliberative body and chosen from the people for the representative quality and responsibility of its members, could behave as it did under the provocation of a phrase not intentionally used in the sense in which it was taken, how might undeliberative bodies or misrepresentative bodies be expected to behave under a direct insult?

These questions answer themselves. American psychology acts promptly on suggestion. And suppose, finally, that this affront to the people of the United States occurred during the campaign for a National election. Would it be made an issue? Would it be made the subject for oratory and flag-waving and patriotic demonstrations? Thus argue these Japanese, good-naturedly but with undeniable logic.

Very well; a national campaign for the election of members to the Japanese Diet has been in full swing during the period of stress. It was not a lukewarm campaign. On election day, May 10, there were several disturbances which called for the intervention of the police, mob violence, two or three murders. The train carrying the Seyukai leader was wrecked, with several fatalities. But the exclusion act, during the campaign or on election day, was hardly mentioned. It was not an issue in the platform of any one of the four principal parties. The Opposition did not make it a special issue in attacking the Kiyoura Ministry, which still remains in power and has been responsible for the marked restraint with which the entire immigration controversy has been handled. The press, with the exception of a few jingoistic editorials at the end of April and on the occasion of the final passage of the act, adopted and has held a sober and dignified tone. Comment has been in sorrow rather than in anger—forgive them, they know not what they do.

"I do not blame the Senate so much," says Viscount Shibusawa, who has devoted the last twenty years of his long life to the cause of Japanese-American accord, only now, at eighty-six, to believe the cause irretrievably lost. "I am sorry for them. I want my countrymen to behave at this critical time so as to command the respect not only of Americans but of the rest of the world as well. Japan is on trial."

"We are an inoffensive people," said Mr. Ito, a graduate of Michigan University and president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the largest shipping company in Japan. "It is difficult to see wherein we have given offense. But we are an emotional people, and now that this act is passed it will never be forgotten or passed over."

Our Ambassador Resigns

AMBASSADOR WOODS, who has endeared himself as an individual to all Japan, and has done all in his power to inform Congress in this matter, believes that the effect of this act will be to scrap the entire benefit of American charity at the time of the earthquake. "We had it all in our hands," said he; "the future friendship and good will and the trade and international team-work of this strongest nation in the East and one of the strongest in the world. And we have willfully thrown it away."

And as I write he resigns his post rather than continue here in diplomatic ruins resembling the ruins of his old Embassy on the hill.

"No," objects Mr. Fukai, director of the Bank of Japan, a gentleman of the old school. "No, that is too strong. We shall remember America's help always. But it will mark the end of an era. We shall outgrow this thing. We shall rise over it and live it down as we lived down the unjust treaties at the end of the Shogunate."

"The Japanese," says Count Kabayama, president of the Kokusai News Agency (the Associated Press of Japan), "do not as a people, even among themselves, like to discuss for the sake of discussion. They keep quiet until the time comes to act." They feel the futility of demonstrations at a time like this. Nothing is accomplished by demonstrations except to emphasize the effectiveness of the thing or act demonstrated against.

But what people say is of little account compared to what they do. Here are three instances of what these "excluded" people do:

Ambassador Woods tells of that end-of-the-world day in September, when with his wife and her aged mother, who had been seriously injured by the falling Embassy building, he made his dazed way out of the ruins and the fire surrounding the Embassy towards some place of safety. The streets, cluttered with fallen masonry and tangled wires, were jammed with Japanese of all classes carrying children and the few belongings they had salvaged on their backs. No one knew he was the American Ambassador, and no one cared. There was no jostling or shoving, no brutality in all that bewildered exodus, with cataclysm at their backs and no one knew what before; no outcry, no lamenting, no panic. Over and over again he was helped, his wife and her mother were assisted and supported during recurrent shocks with encouraging words they could not understand. And when they came at last into clear open places, those nearest in the throng moved up to give them room to spread their coats and rest.

During the week when the exclusion act was passed a Japanese trained nurse from St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo was called on an emergency case to help drag back to life the wreck of an American. She was a highly educated woman who had been round the world, lived in Cambridge, England, two years, and had served in the Red Cross unit at Vladivostok during the war. When the earthquake hit St. Luke's, she carried patients on her back out of the toppling building to a place of safety. Some of them were men patients heavier than she. Not one of her own belongings was saved; she lost them all because she never thought to go for them. The patients had to be cared for and shifted from place to place as the fire made each refuge untenable. Many fell by the wayside. She carried on through to the finish. Every day she reads her papers in English and Japanese. And here was an object that only by a stretch of the imagination could be called a man—unshaven, tousled, dirty, and reeking of manifold iniquity—who taxed even her patience and her great strength. Through the long night she nursed him sleeplessly. And when at dawn he roused at last from his delirium of pain, his first conscious vision beheld her kneeling at his bedside praying for him.

And now, at the moment when their countrymen have been finally barred from our shores, the entire population of Kasumigaura has turned out dressed as for a holiday, with American flags flying from their house-tops and a triumphal arch of flowers, to welcome the three American aviators to the shores of Japan.

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An American Violinist Sits with the Mighty

By ALBERT SPALDING

Mr. Spalding is the only American who has ever served on the jury for the graduating violin class of the Paris Conservatoire

THE annual meeting in June of the National Conservatory in Paris to determine the awards of the year is the supreme event in the musical student's career. I had never been present at one of those examinations until last June, when M. Henri Rabaud, known in this country as the composer of "Marauf" and sometime conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now Director of the Paris Conservatoire, did me the honor of asking me to serve on the jury for the graduating violin class. He wrote, "I do not disguise the fact that the séance will be a long one;" and learning that no less than fifty candidates were to try their luck, a rough calculation of fifty times fifteen minutes—that being the usual time allotted to each candidate—approximated what the day's work would be. But fatigue does not really figure when interest is vital.

Arrival in Paris on an early morning in June is always a tonic. You drive through the already awakened streets with the music of the street venders' cries in your ears and to the perfume of fresh green vegetables marketed at every corner. The stuffy dreariness of a musty, dusty train, in which your Latin neighbor's fear of fresh night air has hermetically sealed you, is instantly forgotten. You breathe in deeply and are glad to be alive. Further revived on coffee and rolls (such rolls and such—well, no, the coffee is not really good, but with its peculiar burnt flavor it has a "tang" that is part of Paris, too), and you are ready for a day's work.

I had a thrill when at 8:15 A.M. I gave my taxi driver the august address—2 rue du Conservatoire. Memories of my own student days crowded in upon me during that drive; memories of the historic old hall in the Liceo Rossini at Bologna when, twenty years before, as a boy of fourteen, I had faced my first really critical audience. The audience consisted of only five men, the examining board, but a thousand audiences of a thousand each have held no such terrors since. A young piano student played my accompaniments. He was almost as nervous as I, and at the rehearsal we had many a hitch over the Mendelssohn violin concerto until it went smoothly. That young student is Ottorino Respighi, whose beautiful orchestral works, notably "Fountains of Rome," have flooded the musical world with a vital interest in the young Italian School. You can think of many things in a short space of time. The important thing is to correlate your thoughts and apply them to the matter at hand.

"And so," I thought, "this memory of my own student days, and especially of that one examination day, should have a valuable influence on the cold judgment of experience. It is well to remember that at such an examination the sensitive student is subject to an abnormal nervousness far in excess of what he may ever meet again; that a trembling bow is not always indicative of right-arm deficiencies; that a passage that didn't quite come off does not always spell a lack of technical talent. These are, after all, details; true, vital details, and not for a moment to be overlooked. But they must be kept in their proper place and never allowed to assume the importance of fundamentals."

My taxi stopped with a jolt. Here we were, 8:30, with half an hour's grace in which to ask necessary questions as to procedure and to study the day's programme. Formal opening was set for nine o'clock. There were two pieces to be performed by each candidate: a short cantilena by Gabriel Faure, as a preliminary tonal display, and the last movement of the Beethoven violin concerto. Of the fifty students, the sixteen young ladies and the thirty-four young men were divided into two groups: the ladies' group for the morning session, and the men's for the afternoon and evening. I instinctively felt an objection to this ruling. There should be no sex segregation at these examinations; it implies a double standard, and should not be tolerated. The first prize of the Paris Conservatoire should be awarded, not to the best man or best woman player; it should be given to the best violinist. By having all the women play together and then all the men, your critical judgment naturally divides itself into two definite groups. In a little preliminary talk with one of the judges I voiced this objection, to which he agreed in principle.

"But," he added with truly Latin naïveté and chivalry, "it would be unfair to the *jeunes filles* to expose them to such an uneven contest; they would never win a first prize." I felt it futile to press the matter, although I did tell him that I thought it was in reality his attitude which was unfair to the women; that undoubtedly there would be far fewer first prizes awarded to women, but that a first prize would mean much more if it were truly "co-educational."

In the meantime the downstairs foyer of the old theater was becoming more and more animated—little groups of excited students with their parents; here and there a distinguished master giving the last words of encouragement and advice. The arrival of each judge was immediately the cause of whispered attention. As the hour of nine approached you felt the excitement and tension growing to feverish proportions. I saw my old teacher Lefort for a brief instant. He murmured an affectionate congratulation, and seemed to feel a personal pride in the honor done me. But his big thought was rightly centered on those new children of his. I pressed his hand and went upstairs to the large antechamber which gives onto the Director's box. There I found already assembled most of the twelve judges, among them many old friends and acquaintances—Pierre Monteux (the conductor of the Boston Symphony), Paul Vidal, Marsick, Poulet, and the lot. A brief moment of expectancy, and then in came Henri Rabaud, the President of the Conservatoire and Chairman of the Jury. He invited us all into the box. I sat between Rabaud and Monteux. It was two minutes to nine; the familiar old theater, with its musty smell, its uncomfortable little seats, seemed charged with electricity.

At precisely nine o'clock Rabaud rang his bell and announced, "The séance is opened." A funereal-looking gentleman on the stage called out a name. If it were one hundred and thirty years ago and the scene the Conciergerie, the sound of that voice could scarcely have reverberated more ominously to the owner of that name. She walked unsteadily onto the stage—a mental guillotine before her! It was her supreme moment. I was affected by it, too, and hurriedly

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Portrait by William Scott Pyle

Albert Spalding, American Violinist

tried to collect my thoughts, my programme, and my pencil, all of which had fallen to the floor. She began to play, a charming piece of Faure, a real song, but she, poor girl, had not taken hold. It was an unsteady but not a bad beginning. The fingers, the hands, the arms did their work, but she had the mental guillotine terrorizing her young artistic life. It is hard luck to have to be either the very first or the very last on the list. The names are balloted, as fair a procedure as the element of chance allows in this fallible life of ours. There! She seemed to gain strength and courage—the guillotine was vanishing; she commenced to show what she could do; that last phrase was really good; the piece began to take shape; you felt the conviction of the recreator's thought behind the composer's melodic curve. The Faure piece ended, the real test began; the last movement of Beethoven's violin concerto. This was a different matter, and the young lady's inability to cope with it was manifest from the outset. The notes were played correctly enough, the intonation was excellent, the tone firm and pure, but that was all. My mind ran to rioting. "Heavens," I thought, "forty-nine times more of this empty flow of meaningless notes!" It was as much as a disciplinary conscience could do to bring me up short and make me reconcentrate. But not all the concentration or all the generosity in the world could give interest to that vacuous performance. She approached the end; she played her cadenza. It was a cadenza, nothing more; without the slightest feeling for the spirit of improvisation, without which a cadenza has no *raison d'être*. A few more flourishes, and her task was over. In the box we sat quietly and took a few notes while the same monotonous stage voice announced the next candidate. Miss No. 1 had painted a fairly faithful portrait of her future. Another year or more at the Conservatoire with hard work and perseverance might bring as its reward a second prize, or, perhaps, a first honorable mention. With reasonably good luck, she might achieve a tolerable position as a provincial teacher or a player in some small-town orchestra. If she really loved her work, found joy in the work for its own sake, she would be happy; she could, after twenty or thirty years, look back with the satisfaction of a skilled artisan. But if, as so often happens, her enthusiasm for work had not been love of the art itself, but only for the fame attached to supreme achievement, it was a disheartening, a despairing vista of years that lay ahead of her.

The young ladies who followed in rapid succession were all strangely alike—good violinists all of them. Something to say? Not one. Now this "something to say," what is it? Is it a tone, however golden? No. Is it a technique, however brilliant? No. It is not this or any other thing. In fact, it has nothing whatsoever to do with things. It is the expression of your spiritual self, the inner voice of what you are and stand for. The sum and total of trained qualities, however admirable, are as "words writ in water" beside the eloquence of this inner voice when it makes itself heard. And not one of these young ladies had shown the necessary grain, even to the size of a mustard seed. I felt all of a sudden very tired—risked a gross breach of etiquette with a surreptitious glance at my watch. Heavens! Only ten-thirty—and countless hours to go yet! Rabaud sat very calmly, apparently unmoved. He, poor man, was to have this ordeal, not only to-day, but to-morrow, and the next day—and the next—class after class of the different instruments and voices. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself as a shirker and regrooved my thoughts on young lady No. 6.

A little slip of a girl, scarcely more than a child, suddenly stimulated my wandering interest. A glance at my programme informed me of the pleasant English name of Wilson, sixteen years old, two years' study at the National Conservatoire. Yes, at last the spark! A small one, but there! And how quickly recognizable! At such a time

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you feel the conviction of an auto-impulse, sometimes a bit falteringly expressed but with character, an ego of its own. I realized an awakened interest in all my colleagues. We already had heard those technically superior; she is yet a child. A first prize would be perhaps too much—decidedly too much. She should remain on at least another year, but we were listening to a child who had "something to say." I was refreshed and happy and content to suffer again the stupor produced by parrot performances with the hope of such a reward now and again.

So the morning progressed. The ladies' session at an end, it was then one o'clock, and every one hungry for the lunch which grew each moment more doubtful. We repaired in a solemn procession to the antechamber to deliberate and cast a vote. Out of the sixteen candidates who had played, three individuals emerged. All sixteen played the violin well, but only three had said something, to me at least. They were perhaps the three least spectacular and least effective from a superficial point of view. One of them was little Wilson. On talent and comparative achievement she was entitled to a first prize, but I voted for a second prize out of consideration for her future. She needed another year of experience more than the flattering and brilliant triumph of a "first prize at sixteen." The enthusiasm was such, however, that my second-prize vote was in the minority. The two others, French girls both of them, were likewise awarded first prizes, and then followed the lesser awards, graded through the scale of second prizes and first and second honorable mentions. The morning session was over, and we all dashed off for a bite of lunch, a meager half-hour's leave.

At two o'clock sounds the President's bell, opening the afternoon session. The entire standard of the men's playing was vastly superior. My objection which I had felt so strongly in the morning was more than reinforced. Why the double standard? It is wrong both from a social standpoint and from an artistic one. Right from the first performance in the afternoon session, almost from the first bar, I recognized that we should hear a totally different caliber of playing. And so it proved itself. I realized that had the examinations been conducted on a sexless basis not one of the first prizes would have gone to a woman.

The afternoon and evening sessions, held without even a break for dinner, seemed actually shorter than the morning one. But thirty-three players, each playing for a good fifteen minutes, take time to hear, and I found myself wondering if I should make my midnight train, with a concert in London the following day. You can imagine the critical situation of the poor unfortunates who were scheduled as the last ten of the list; and imagine also, if you can, what excellence of talent was shown by candidate No. 48, a young Scandinavian by the name of Clokkers, who was at the end awarded first *prix, premier nommé*. Playing as he did, at quarter to eleven before a weary, famished jury, his talent and his assured conviction won for him an uncontested superiority over all his colleagues. There were six first prizes awarded to the men. But the first real prize with precedence of place went rightfully to Clokkers.

Our deliberations after the evening session had taken us to well after eleven o'clock. And so for me it was a hasty good-by, with a sandwich snatched on my way to the station. My compartment, providentially shared with an Anglo-Saxon lover of fresh air, invitingly offered repose, but even then sleep did not come at once. A deep feeling of reverence and admiration for the great institution whose vitality and inspiration have covered more than a century of musical life filled me, and I found myself thinking of the countless names, once but numbers, which have stretched a rainbow of color from one end of the earth to the other, whose gifts were brought to flower there.

Cavalier and Puritan Athletes

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

We doubt if this article will silence a single college yell, but it may give some of the yellers a thought to ponder on

In the first place, there is this radical difference between English and American sports, and it is a difference that sets English and American games worlds apart. With one exception, there are no professional coaches at Oxford, no men to say that games are to be drudgery and labor, no high-salaried men whose business in life is turning out teams that can beat Cambridge. Even those magnificent crews that flash their glory around the world, the sole athletic outfit at Oxford that has anything approaching a strenuous American training period, have been coached by old oarsmen back at college at odd moments and for brief stays, or they have worked out their salvation on the river for themselves. The week which the track team spends at Brighton by the seaside before the Cambridge meet is a sort of glorified picnic contrasted with our training, a carnival of good fellowship and leisurely practice as each individual thinks best to take it; and there is champagne at night for dinner, and some of the men smoke without incurring damnation right up to jumping pit and the start of the dashes. Indeed, I have known American "Blues" of the laurel wreath who have been roundly chided for taking too many pains in their events; my "digs"-mate laid himself open to the charge that Englishmen usually bring against American athletes of wanting to win too badly simply because he insisted on taking a short rest between his efforts in the high jump and saw fit to wreathe his legs with a bathrobe each time against the chilly February wind.

It is in track alone that one finds a professional present; but his arbitrary power is confined to firing off the pistol that starts the races. And I have heard him harshly criticised by the athletes themselves in the discharge of this one arbitrary function of his. He is a man who knows how to run; he is there for one to consult if one pleases to do so. Naturally, the men do consult him and do learn much from him. But there is no color of royal purple about him; he is not a tyrant or a dictator. The Englishman does his best, but no Englishman does this best because a coach threatens to throw him off the team for a breach of discipline. It would strike an English undergraduate as something grotesque and Chinese to see the spectacle of a highly paid outsider, per-

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haps not a college man at all, acting the Imperator over the waking and sleeping moments of men and personally conducting them like so many schoolboys to a field where they can display the virtues of his athletic methods. Why on earth should a man make a galley slave of himself in order to shine in sports? Playing is too pleasant and interesting for that. So the Englishman makes a good time out of it.

The Englishman does not come up to Oxford before the end of vacation to slave away at weeks of preliminary football practice. He is not herded into a gymnasium to eat and sleep between snatches of football outdoors, as the players at one of our great institutions of learning were actually herded last fall. He does not work out football problems on blackboards when the weather is, as it usually is in English Novembers, too inclement for comfort. He does not practice secretly behind locked gates. He has no paid spies watching Cambridge's progress. He comes back from his vacation to books and friends and sports—not to sports alone. After the lectures and dons of his forenoon and before the talks and cups and pipes of his evening he goes out and plays rugby. He works no apparatus, tackles no dummies. Instead he prepares for the Cambridge match, not by long week-days of drudgery and drill or by Saturdays of practice games with carefully selected weaker teams, but by playing the game hard with all sorts of teams, better than his and worse, dozens of teams, sometimes one every other day. An American coach confronted by the lengthy Oxford schedules would find all his nights sleepless. I am not sure, but I would venture a guess that the Oxonian rugby team plays at least twenty-five games before Cambridge. Though there are no bands out and only a handful of spectators, and they not prayerfully or vociferously intent on his every move, the player yet manages to get a lot of good and pleasant exercise. And it is fun. He does not feel that the University escutcheon is smirched when he happens to lose a game, as he does lose often. He mixes the good things of autumn, tramps and colored woods, books and fellowship and football. And he is the saner man when he comes out upon the playing field and, later, when he comes out upon the fields of life.

In the second place, there is no tyranny of alumni over the Oxonian sportsman. Somehow, old Oxonians do not think Oxford is going into a decline after a season of losses to Cambridge. At any rate, they do not, as the alumni of one of our best universities in the East do periodically, attempt to dictate sweeping changes in athletics. There being no coaches to blame, they of course have none of these gentlemen to uproot, nor can they relieve their minds and their purses by scouring the country to get new dictators at fabulous figures. But they do not even bemoan their defeats in alumni magazines or hold mass-meetings or make reunion banquets feasts of Belshazzar with all sorts of handwriting on the wall. Better luck next time, that is their only comment. They would never dream of going to the preparatory schools with any kind of bait, pecuniary or otherwise, to recoup the destinies of their Alma Mater with ready-made athletic material. There are no great organizations of alumni in any case to spend their money or marrow or mind on athletics. Such things would spoil the sport. The old Oxonians have been such Cavaliers themselves, in the old days at Oxford, and gone so often care-free into stiff scrimmages, that their sense of values has remained golden; games to them are games, not battles, not dynastic wars between the reputations of great houses of learning, only sports between eager boys.

Lastly, the intensity on the part of both players and spectators that marks, and sometimes when carried to excess mars, so many of our major sports is foreign to Oxford. Personally, I think the American cult of mass cheering a magnificent thing, and I would be the last to wish it to die out; and I think it is all to our glory that we do take our games hard. But there is a point at which one should stop. Say what we will, our games do lack an element of joviality. The Puritan is still in our blood, and the old fellow makes us take many things, including our sports, rather too seriously. There are none of those splendid psalms of the Puritans before battle, not a single Alma Mater song during any English game; no songs to bare one's head to and sing as if one's life depended on the muscles of a few grim boys. And I think the English are something to be pitied. But these things can be overdone—are overdone at almost every one of our games. Observing our profound seriousness and tension and seeing our university cohorts rising *en masse* with an almost fanatical ecstasy as eleven players rush out upon a field, an Englishman might be moved to quote Horace:

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

The colleges at Oxford are not festooned on days of Cambridge games with banners exhorting the home university to *beat, beat, beat* the rival, to *knock the "L"* out of the rival, to *pulverize* and *crush* him. I am not exaggerating; I saw these very placards pasted all over the buildings of a supposedly dignified American university last November, including the chapel, which was literally swathed in shrieking banners. A sense of humor alone would save us from many of the excesses into which we carry our too serious business of athletics. It does not seem sacrilegious, even, to our crowds to see a football team praying before a game. Extreme cases surely; but they show the astounding seriousness which we make of a light matter. Our newspapers, to be sure, with their gift for Homeric epic, help us exaggerate. But we ourselves, alumni and players alike, are wholly responsible for this prayerful attitude towards mere exercise. We make mountains of molehills, enemies out of friends who are competing with us, a day of stress and strain out of that which should be the most jovial of holidays. To the average Oxonian the American student's emotion after a game has been lost would seem a sort of mental hari-kiri.

And I firmly believe we would do well to take a lesson from the British and learn how to enjoy our college sports more; it would be decidedly less expensive for us and better for us all around. If the Puritan could learn a few Cavalier tunes, he would be more graceful and human. I would like to see the professional pilots dropped. Personally, I think I should shout just as hard and be just as American in voice and in tingling nerves when my college team ran out upon the field even if I knew they had mastered our matchless American game by themselves. Perhaps I should shout even harder. Surely the spies could go; and probably the limited, graded schedule too, and never be missed. And the fever and frenzy of alumni who want a strong team to bet on; and, with the frenzy, whatever underhand pressure and clandestine baits there may be to influence athletes from the schools to attend chosen colleges; it would never be un-American to be above all suspicion of soiled hands. And once the alumni fingers were out of the athletic pies, who knows but the alumni would discover some of the other real things besides sports to be loyal to in their colleges—the library, the art collection, the lectures, and the professors? Who can say but they would come back, as old Oxonians come back to Oxford across half the world, to hear again teachers whom they have loved and to renew their green youth in the green loveliness of gardens, in the peace of old stones, in the starry fellowship of young men?

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"Your Way is Glad with Roses"

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

"Your way is glad with roses
From year to year," I said.
"You could not be so lovely
Had you been comforted.

"Your eyes are deep and gentle
As quiet pools are gray;
They are like shining waters
That never run away.

"For you no future shudders;
In you no memories bow;
You have made sure of gladness;
Be kind, and tell me how."

"I knew a boy of Sparta,"
She said, "who taught the art."
She said, "The wolf is hidden
Whose teeth are at my heart."

An Empire in Miniature

Special Correspondence from HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

A pen picture of the great British Exposition at Wembley

"AS for size, the scale of things is calculated to sober an American."

That sentence is taken from an article in the Manchester "Guardian" of April 23, the day of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, five miles from London. Knowing the "Guardian" (and, incidentally, the man who wrote the article), I am certain that the words quoted above were written with no sarcastic intent, but merely in an attempt to convey an impression of the absolute superlative. If it would sober an American, the writer meant, it was—well, it was *some* exhibition!

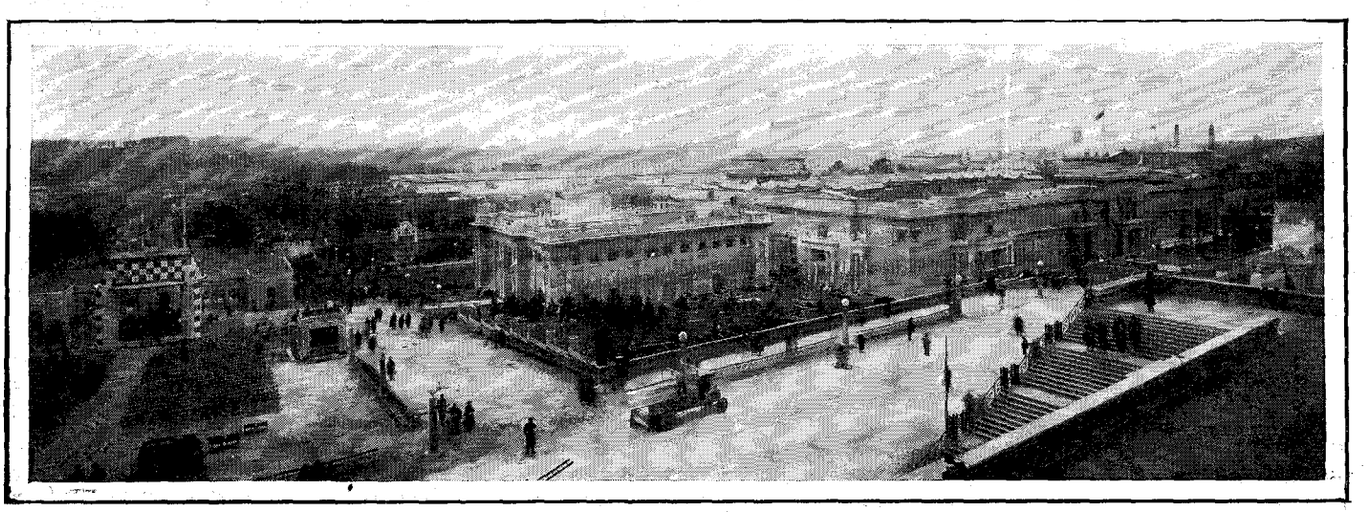
And so it is. Where two years ago were quiet Middlesex meadows and lanes there is to-day a built-up area of 240 acres. Within this space the promoters of the Wembley Exhibition have sought to provide a miniature replica of the British Empire. And, so far as success in such an undertaking is humanly possible, they have succeeded. As I write, early in May, the Exhibition is not yet complete. It will be at least two or three weeks before all the fifteen miles of roads are in good condition, before the last exhibit is in place, and before the amusement park—an Anglicized Coney Island—is finished. Nevertheless, even to-day all of the Exhibition's main features are ready for the attention of visitors; and it is on them that judgment may be based.

First and foremost, the British Empire Exhibition is an advertisement. It is professedly designed to stimulate British trade. It is an effort to demonstrate that from the territories colored red on the world maps, and marked "British," every human need can be supplied. It has official backing from every government in the Empire, and commercial backing from the firms of half a world. The phrase of the promoters, "An Empire's Show Window," is justifiable.

But good advertisements must be attractive. At Wembley this requirement has been met primarily by catering to the universal human desire to see what makes the wheels go 'round; the appeal has been decorated with architecture of singular beauty and picturesqueness; and the rough edges rounded off by the provision on a huge scale of restaurant and transporation and amusement facilities.

The result is such a triumph of British thoroughness that even Oxford graduates who write for the Manchester "Guardian" are driven to superlatives.

It is impossible within the compass of a short article to do more than to give a general idea of the Exhibition. Fortunately both for the English and for their visitors, the journey to Wembley from the center of London takes only about fifteen minutes, so that repeated journeys to the Exhibition grounds can easily be made by those indefatigable souls who wish to extend their knowledge to embrace even the outposts of the Empire. That there are many such is sufficiently dem-



The Canada Building, Band Stand (left), Steps to Stadium (right)

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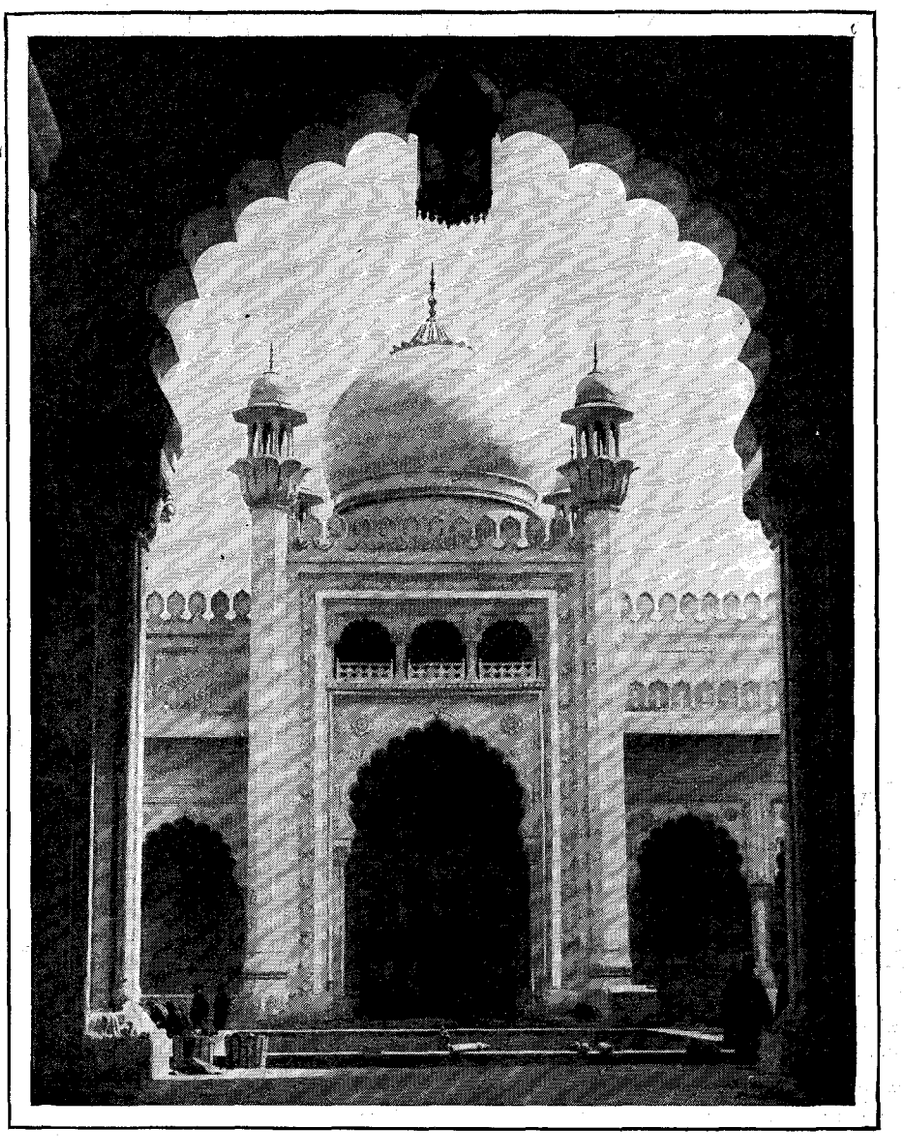
onstrated by the fact that booking a hotel room in London these days, while not impossible, nevertheless requires the exercise of considerable persistence; while the Far Eastern shipping lines won't even discuss with you the question of passages required before next September.

No attempt has been made at Wembley to reproduce the actual physical layout of the Empire. To each dominion, colony, and protectorate there has been allotted space ranging from the size of an ordinary suburban building lot to that of a good-sized farm. These spaces are not scaled to the area, population, or other characteristics of the places represented, but have been allotted with an eye to adequate display of the trades and industries carried on in each. Their relative positions were selected to harmonize with the general architectural scheme.

The result naturally is an agglomeration of almost every type of building to be found in the world (except that there is no sky-scraper). Close to the almost austere structure which houses the Canadian Government's exhibit, there is what appears to be a walled village, with huts daubed with red mud. It is the section devoted to Nigeria, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and West Africa. Just across the way (jumps of several thousand miles being the easiest things in the world at Wembley) there are the domed pavilions of Palestine and the Island of Cyprus. From here it is but a step to South Africa—a low, white replica of a typical Dutch *stoep,* where you can lunch in a dining-car such as is used on the Union railways, and gaze through its windows at a dozen real ostriches in a real African paddock.

For the majority of visitors the first impression of Wembley is the amusement park, with its gigantic roller-coaster (Anglicized into "switchback") rising and dipping, a forest of timber uprights and braces, against the skyline. The next is the stadium. With a touch of the universal naïve desire for once to outdo America in the matter of mere vastness, the Exhibition people proclaim proudly that the stadium will hold 120,000 people at one time—23,000 seated and the rest standing—and that you could lose the Colosseum of Rome inside it. It would be ungracious to suggest that some of the standees might be a little squeezed before the enormous concrete amphitheater actually contained 120,000; but on the day that I saw King George formally declare the Exhibition open, there were certainly 70,000 or so people in the stadium, and that with room for another 20,000 temporarily roped off so that the purple, gold, and crimson royal pavilion might not be overlooked from behind. Certain it is that a regiment of Grenadier Guards looks diminutive when it is in the arena and the spectator is in the middle tier of seats; while single human beings are merely the little black dots you see in the streets when you look down from the Woolworth Building.



Entrance to the Indian Palace Temple

The amusement park, by the way, contains some "thrillers" which certainly outclass its American prototypes. There is a faithful replica of the Tomb of Tutankhamen—outer chamber, inner chambers, catafalques, and sepulcher, all complete. There is a coal mine, where live miners hew real coal, specially brought to Wembley and buried so that it may be dug up again.

There has been voiced in England some dissatisfaction with the scale of prices charged in the amusement park, which, of course, is purely a private enterprise. The admission to the various amusements ranges from ninepence to one shilling and sixpence; that is, approximately from fifteen to thirty cents. The latter figure is also the cost of admission to the Exhibition proper, entrance to all the Government exhibits then being free.

At the risk of incurring the displeasure of the amusement concessionaires, I must submit that for people who have outgrown the real pleasure of side-shows, the greater amusement will be found in the Exhibition itself. The grounds themselves are well cared for. Where the dust of the veldt or the sapphire-blue pool of an Indian palace is not required for local color, there are English turf, flowers, and fountains. The lights in the avenues are inclosed in ground-glass globes representing the world tilted on its axis, and bound round with metal lines (apparently longitude and latitude). The faithful reproduction of the inclination of the ecliptic should be a powerful deterrent to over-indulgence in South African or Australian wines: sober men ordinarily do not see all the street lights tilted at a sharp angle!

For the practical business man, who takes the picturesqueness of the Empire for granted, there are the twin palaces of Industry and Engineering. The latter is the greatest building in the Exhibition, and is said to be the largest ferro-concrete structure in the world. Mere

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statistics convey no idea of its size. To me the most impressive thing about it is that, for all its size, it retains dignity and proportion. Inside it are a dozen trade exhibitions, each the size of an ordinary one for which a hall the size of Madison Square Garden would be required; and hundreds of smaller exhibits. Most of its exhibits are ranged along long aisles, so that the visitor standing at one end is confronted by long perspectives of machinery, narrowing in the distance to a jumble of wheels and shafts and frames. In this building Stephenson's first passenger locomotive stands side by side with a monster engine used to draw the Scotch expresses of to-day. A sixteen-inch naval gun seems the embodiment of sheer, smashing power. There is what is claimed to be the world's first great wireless exhibition. There is a bewildering array of things electric, from waffle-irons to dynamos. There is quite a respectable automobile show. It is no place to take a mechanically-inclined child, unless you follow the example of one man who is said to have taken Junior, aged fourteen, to the entrance of the Palace, and to have arranged to meet him again at the same place in four hours' time.

It is the same story with the Palace of Industries, only here the machinery is turning out finished articles. Cotton is woven into cloth while you wait. Under the same roof you may see how Ulster makes linen, and what becomes of the rubber from the Malay States. You may watch biscuits and chocolates being made, or newspapers being printed.

These two great buildings are devoted mainly to products of the British Isles. There is also a British Government Pavilion, a museum of the various activities which a Government carries on, as well as the site of a theater where you may see real ships on real water re-fight the battles of the past, from the Armada to Jutland; and where are reproduced what a British paper has called "painfully exact" war scenes.

The industries and trades of the rest of the Empire are for the most part confined to their own buildings. Thus, the Canadian building provides models of farms, landscapes, and prairie—and incidentally, in frozen butter, a huge panel representing the Prince of Wales on his Alberta ranch. This exhibit is 50 feet long, 10 feet deep, and 8½ feet high. At the current price of butter, the cost—well, housewives may figure it out for themselves. And of course there are apples, and cereals, and minerals.

The gleaming white Australian pavilion repeats, in its interior, this *motif* of plenty. Fruits and wines and cereals—and, of course, wool—are here in their profusion. And there is a little theater, holding five hundred people, where moving pictures of typical Australian scenes are shown.

The Indian building is the most beautiful of all. It towers gracefully, a thing of minarets and delicate spires: a reproduction of a seventeenth-century temple. It is packed with the riches of the Indian Empire; and turbaned Asiatics ply their crafts before one's eyes. And here is what my Manchester "Guardian" friend has to say about Burma:

"No one can forget Burma, the gem of the place, with its golden fretted steeples, where the bells tinkle against the blue sky—a dream of strange carved gables, with an alabaster Buddha brooding in a sanctuary and a golden dragon flapping in the wind."

South Africa, likewise, sends natives to lend fidelity to the kraals which it exhibits. And it sends ostriches, and wines, and diamonds, and gold.

But where is one to stop? New Zealand presents the visitor a continent in miniature, most thoroughly and faithfully done to scale. The Malay States, with twin towers flanking the dome and colonnade of their building, show rubber, tea, tin, and native wares. West Africa sends its coal-black natives to live as they do in Kano, Nigeria, of which city the Wembley exhibit is a model. Natives of British Guiana spend trade-union hours washing diamonds from river gravel—real diamonds, one is told—and having them put back again by unsympathetic foremen. Samoa shows how to build a house without a single nail. Hongkong and Sarawak, Cyprus and Singapore, Newfoundland and Tasmania, contribute their bits, as they did in the war.

There is to be an aquarium. Also a picture gallery, and an exhibition of sculptures. During the summer there will be Wild West shows, and trick riding, in the stadium. Loud-speakers distribute band music in the open spaces.

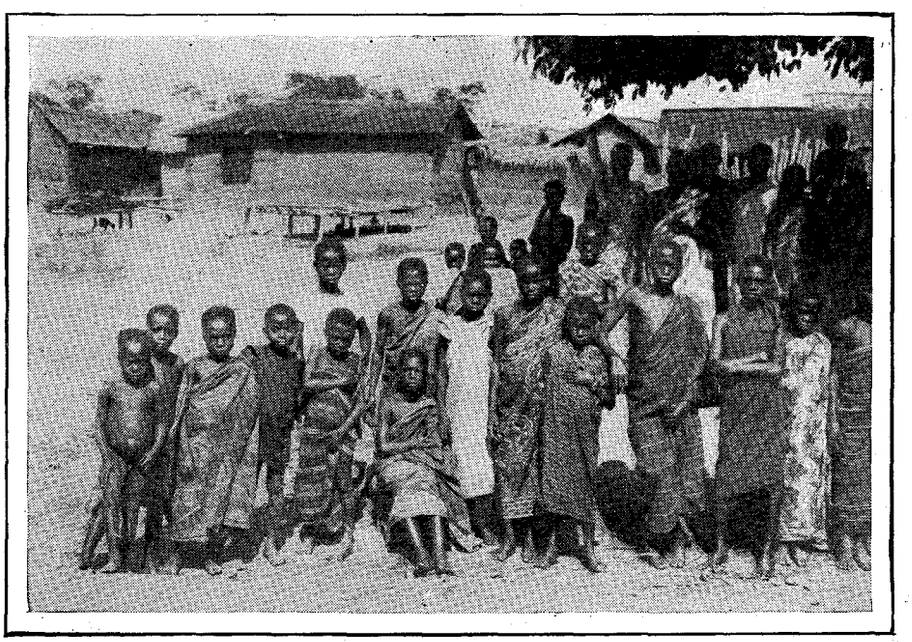
And there is the Queen's Doll's House. It is the most fascinating toy imaginable, the sight of which is worth many times the sixpence which it costs to view it. It is certainly the most perfect playhouse ever built, and complete from the genuine Orpens and Laverys—oil paintings three inches square—on the walls to the genuine champagne in the half-inch bottles in the wine cellars. One could write a whole article in describing it.

I have kept until the last the two chief complaints that I have heard at Wembley. They are: (1) the Exhibition is not open on Sundays, and (2) there are no free seats to rest on when you get tired. The charge for a park chair is twopence.

Finally, there is a political consideration involved. The Exhibition is a gigantic object-lesson in imperialism. No British subject can see it without some feeling of pride. It will bring home to millions of stay-at-home Englishmen object-lessons which Cecil Rhodes would have spent millions to enforce (not that the millions haven't been poured out at Wembley). It must inevitably act as a cohesive force at a time when in at least two Dominions separate nationalism is a live issue, and when in other parts of the Empire the heady wine of self-determination has gone to the heads of the natives.

And it is a Labor Government—termed by its enemies Socialistic and anti-Imperial—that has given Wembley its official blessing! That, too, is something that visitors might think about in the train that takes them back to Baker Street Station.

London.



The Gold Coast section—a group of Ashanti children

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Taking the rut out of industry

JIM GARDNER sat in the Armco Employment Department waiting for his chance to get a job.

But Jim's interview brought out that he quit his first job and was fired from his second. The Director of Employment began to probe with questions.

"Why did you quit your first job?"

Jim never flinched. He looked straight at his questioner and came out squarely with: "I was in a rut. I went to my boss and began to tell him how I felt. He put me off. Said my job was good enough. . . I quit."

Frankness and determination lay in Jim's answer.

"About this second job—why were you let out?" continued the Director.

Again Jim met the question squarely!

"I don't know. I did my work the best I could. Nobody ever said a word against it. The boss gave no reason for letting me go—I was just fired."

The Director told Jim he could have a job. "We try never to lose sight of anybody around here," said the Director.

Six months later Jim was surprised when his superior called him in one afternoon. Jim was first told about his good points, how his work was appreciated. Then they talked about the future prospects. "But now," said Jim's foreman, "I am going to tell you where I think you ought to improve."

Out of this incident grew the "interview plan," or labor audit system between men and department heads, which is now carried out each six months.

Perhaps no other factor has contributed more to the Armco spirit of fellowship than the "interview plan." It is teamwork developed to its highest degree.

Today Jim is a foreman helping other men to get their feet firmly on the ground. Still he finds there is some one up the line who is willing and anxious to help Jim Gardner.

(Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 6 of a Series.)

From a discouraged man has come a new Jim Gardner, thoughtful, enthusiastic, loyal, a leader among men.

There are many Jim Gardners in The American Rolling Mill Company's organization. They are men who came with Armco and found "a something" so different they decided to stay. Into their work they put their very best effort, and they produced durable, long-lasting ARMCO Ingot Iron, a product that shows the thought and care devoted to its production.

It is used for gutters, downspouts, roofing, siding, heating and ventilating ducts, stoves, furnaces, ranges, refrigerators, table tops, washing machines, tubs, pails, culverts, fence wire, metal lath—in fact, wherever a durable sheet metal is essential. Buyers of any sheet metal product should ask the hardware merchant or sheet metal contractor: "Is this sheet metal ARMCO-Ingot Iron?"

Write for booklet, "What Causes Rust?"

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

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The Book Table

Low, Rakish Craft

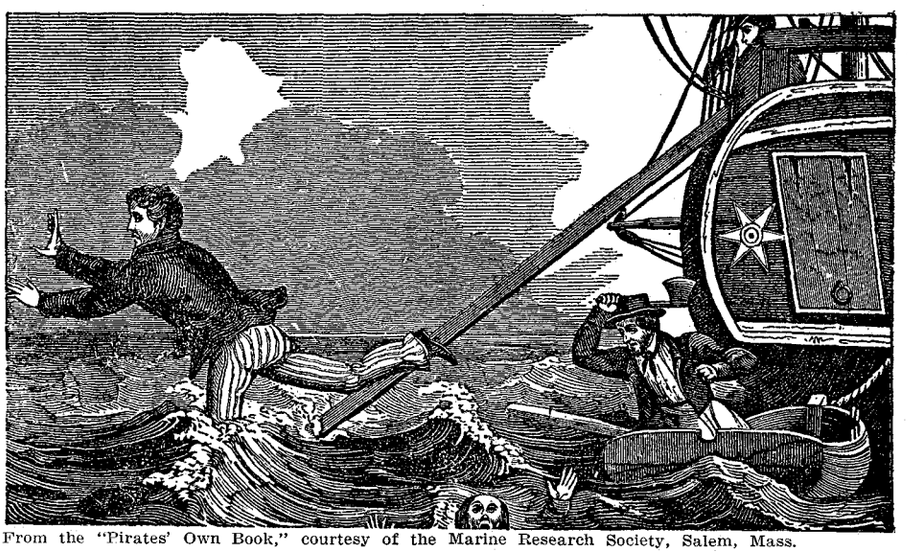
Reviews by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

PIRATE ships are swarming; from every quarter they are bearing down upon us—black and rakish craft, full of scoundrels with knives between their teeth. One of the first of the fleet was "The Pirates of the New England Coast,"[1] and it is one of the best. The authors have produced a sound historical work, based on documents in the State Archives of Massachusetts, and illustrated by a great number of reproductions of fascinating old portraits, prints, and maps. Herein are chapters about Dixey Bull (what a name for a pirate!); about another felicitously named sea-rover, Thomas Tew, who, like many of his successors of our own time, "retired and lived at Newport;" about John Phillips, whose head was cut off and pickled—although the details of the pickling are meager and disappointing; and about that master-mariner of good repute, and brave privateersman, who fought no one but the enemies of his King—William Kidd. Kidd's fate is strange. Barbarously sacrificed to save those "higher up;" tried at first merely for killing one William Moore with an "iron-bound bucket," a moss-covered—no, merely an iron-bound bucket; he was next tried for piracy, and the evidence which would have saved him was suppressed. It turned up two hundred years too late to prevent his hanging in chains. And to-day he typifies piracy—all the American pirates are blended into one and called by his name.

From the "Pirates' Own Book"

That entertaining writer, Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill, has also written on this theme: "The Real Story of the Pirate;"[2] and one of the fathers of all pirate books, "The Buccaneers of America,"[3] is out in a handsome, new edition, with interesting historical and bibliographical notes, and one of Andrew Lang's essays upon piratical adventures affixed as an introduction. Esquemeling is a storehouse of astonishing and shocking adventure, with many peaceful ruminations upon odd themes, such as crocodiles' eggs. In this class may be mentioned (although it deserves and shall have fuller description later) Mr. Verrill's "Smugglers and Smuggling,"[4] a highly readable work upon a topic never more alive than to-day. From every view-point, contents, illustrations, *format,* "The Pirates Own Book"[5] is the one which, if you can own only one of these treasures, you should buy. This book, with a title so familiar, but (until this edition was printed) really so scarce, was first published in Boston in 1837. It was compiled from various sources—much of it from Captain Charles Johnson's great "History of the Pirates"—by a Boston stationer named Charles Ellms. His preface, in which he describes the joyous and care-free life of the pirate, is delicious. The pirate, he says, is truly fond of women and wine, and, when not engaged in robbing, keeps maddened with intoxicating liquors. Mr. Ellms paints this exciting career for a few sentences, adding that it might be supposed that such a wild life would be one of delight. *But*—and the worthy stationer lets his thoughts, like Dr. Watts's, on awful subjects roll—damnation and the dead. And then, little boys, see if you want to go and be pirates!

A gay and original book (original in its idea, at least) is Philip Gosse's "The Pirates' Who's Who,"[6] which is, among other things, a clever satire upon the sober biographical dictionary of celebrities and semi-celebrities. Mr. Gosse goes right through the alphabet, from A to Izzard, and lists some hundreds of pirates. The compiler's comments are sprightly and amusing, and the book has given me great delight, but also one or two regrets. The author is an Englishman, and therefore shares in a great national reputation for good sportsmanship. Yet he fiddles and dallies with the idea of calling Paul Jones a "pirate," and after saying that he is so regarded by but few persons in England, and certainly not by any one in America, yet at the end of his book he includes Jones and his ship in a list of pirate captains and vessels. No American writer of to-day would think of calling Sir Philip Broke a pirate; but he did exactly what Paul Jones did: defeated a ship of the other nation in sight of that nation's shores. Broke was a brave and victorious naval commander in an action against an American ship in 1813; Paul Jones was a brave and victorious naval



From the "Pirates' Own Book," courtesy of the Marine Research Society, Salem, Mass.

"A Piratical Scene—'Walking the Death Plank'"

[1] The Pirates of the New England Coast, 1630-1730. By George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds. Marine Research Society, Salem, Massachusetts. $7.50.

[2] The Real Story of the Pirate. By A. Hyatt Verrill. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

[3] The Buccaneers of America. Written originally in Dutch by John Esquemeling. Translation of 1684-5. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. (Broadway Translations.) $5.

[4] Smugglers and Smuggling. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Duffield & Co., New York. $4.

[5] The Pirates Own Book, or Authentic Narratives of the Lives, Exploits, and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers. Marine Research Society, Salem, Massachusetts. $3.50.

[6] The Pirates' Who's Who. By Philip Gosse. Dulau & Co., London. 10 shillings.

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commander in an action against two English ships in 1779. Why call either "pirate"? It savors a bit of Berlin to try to make out that your successful enemy must be an outlaw. I am sorry to find one other criticism which must be made against this really engaging and attractive book: considering the compiler's large indebtedness to "The Pirates of the New England Coast," the acknowledgment is slight; indeed, it can hardly be found. In writing about pirates one does not necessarily adopt even the mildest of their ways.

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"
—all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

The New Books

FICTION

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE (THE). By J. Anker Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.

There are two kinds of people, says J. Anker Larsen, the winner of the Gyldendal $14,000 prize for the best novel: those who are open to life and those who are not. The latter are legion, and the former are very, very few. This he says in so many words. But by implication he adds that you either are or you are not. You cannot study how to throw yourself open to that mysterious voice that speaks out of all things, living or dead, and that is heard by so few. And even when you are by birth one of the fortunate few, the attempt to go further by use of will and reason must be pronounced dangerous. Mysticism is to most people like dope. It calls for more—until the user loses control of himself and of the road he is following, and even when he thinks his vision more miraculous he sees only "as through a glass, darkly." But all this is of secondary consideration when Mr. Larsen's book is concerned. It is one of the biggest that has come to us out of the Scandinavian countries. It is thoroughly and most lovably human—a captivating record of simple yet strange human fates, set in surroundings quite new to us over here. It has things to teach, and pretty important ones at that, but it is not a tract. And it should be read both for the sake of what it says and what it leaves unsaid. The translation, by the by, is uncommonly good and will make the reading easy.

"NOR ALL THY TEARS." By C. Nina Boyle. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

Before this book the writer did a couple of mystery stories of uncommon quality—zestful and ingenious and well written beyond their type. "Nor All Thy Tears" is, as the saying goes, a more serious book. And indeed it not only attempts more—it achieves more. For it is a tale not merely of situation and complication, but of character and destiny. Isoline Haye is a woman of exotic origin strangely fated to play the part of wife and mother in a conventional British family of "county" standing. She does her duty till fate and his own habits remove the weakest member of the family circle, who happens to be the husband and father. Then Mrs. Haye of Hiltern Hayes determines to free herself from the rigid atmosphere of British country life. Her children are half-grown or full-grown. Each of them inherits something of her own temperamental nature beneath the cold British exterior. So she goes back to the place of her longing, the fishing village in Brittany where she had lived as girl and child, and as passionate lover of a youth long dead. But she cannot recapture the past; she can only watch it being relived in the persons of her children; and it is fate, not her own deserving, which wins for them out of it all some greater promise of happiness than has fallen to her own lot. The story owes its distinction to the vividness of its central portrait and to its quiet firmness of workmanship.

BIOGRAPHY

SUNLIGHT AND SONG: A SINGER'S LIFE. By Maria Jeritza. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

Operatic prima donnas are not noted for their modesty. The charming author of "Sunlight and Song" is an operatic prima donna. And so the record she gives us is not of human experiences, but of personal triumphs. It is to be pitied, but not to be helped. Her book is so palpably designed for consumption on a large scale—and such consumption it will

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The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscribers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

To-day, in maintaining a national telephone service, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its engineering and research departments, continuously makes available for its Associated Companies improvements in apparatus and in methods of operation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

undoubtedly have. Samuel Smiles set the fashion, and this particular "line" has been in the "best seller" class ever since. It is Cinderella over again for the millionth time, to go a little farther back. The musical devotee gets the gossip he loves only less than his adored art. The young yearner for fame and fortune gets encouragement. The average American gets a little flattery. And the tolerant observer of human nature gets a smile here and there that need never be cynical or bitter. What more can one ask of one who has so much to give in a field where emotion rules supreme?

WHITE DEVIL OF THE BLACK SEA (THE). By Lewis Stanton Palen. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $3.

Professed fiction could not do much to improve the record of the man introduced to us by Lewis Stanton Palen as "The White Devil of the Black Sea." His real name and identity are never revealed, but that the man must be real can hardly be doubted by any one reading this book. Member of an old noble Russian family and an officer in the Russian army during the war, he seems to have enough adventures to suit any ordinary mortal before the Bolshevik revolution suddenly changed the whole aspect of our modern life. And yet the story given us now begins with that revolution and runs only to the end of organized "White" resistance in Russia. Within that frame it gives a sufficient amount of reckless daring and marvelous capacity for escape to stock a dozen novels of the swashbuckler type. The spirit of it is fair, too, giving an excellent and rather unusual inside view of Russian psychology.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By Paul Scott Mowrer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

There are few things which this country needs more badly just now than books like Paul Scott Mowrer's "Our Foreign Affairs." Continued American aloofness toward the problems and mutual misunderstandings of the rest of the world is simply out of the question. Isolation on our part is no more possible

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70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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Ideal Summer for Small Group of Girls
from 8 to 14 years, at moderate rates.
CHICADEE NATURE CAMP, Cannondale, Conn.

GIRLS' CAMPS

CAMP HATHAWAY, Ashfield, Mass.
Junior Camp for girls six to fourteen. Midget Camp for boys six to eight. Water sports and all camp activities under experienced councilors. Good food; good times; rates reasonable. For booklet address
C. VAN BENTHUYSEN, 943 President St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CAMP ANAWAN FOR GIRLS
Winnepesaukee Lake, N. H. Twelfth Season. Field and Water Sports. Horses. Crafts. Mountain Hikes. Woodcraft. Nature. Experienced Supervision. Splendid Equipment. Mrs. N. S. WINCHESTER, 17 Albion St., Lawrence, Mass. The Misses HAZELTON, 14 Billingham St., Somerville, Mass.

BOYS' CAMPS

CAMP OTTER—Established 1910
In the "Highlands of Ontario"
For Boys 10-16
Don't confuse it with other camps which have adopted the same name. Write for booklet. C. V. P. YOUNG, Ithaca, N. Y.

BOYS' CAMPS

A Real Camp for Real Boys

CAMP PENN
Valcour Island, Lake Champlain
18th Season
The story of Camp Penn will interest those parents who wish for their sons, not a resort in disguise, but a REAL camp where, with expert oversight and healthful surroundings, they will not only have all kinds of games and sports, but get a real opportunity to develop initiative, resourcefulness, and a capacity for self-help. Our program and booklet may interest you! Large area, dairy, infirmary, unusually high standard of character. Junior Camp 8 to 11 years. Main Camp 12 to 17.
Chas. K. Taylor, M.A., Director, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.

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than it would be to make our globe reverse its course around the sun. We have to join, not only the "European concert," which used to be such an unfailing source of inspiration for the cartoonists of the last century, but the new world chorus. Nor may we imagine, as many persons here do, that our relation to our sixty and odd autonomous sister nations can be that of a benevolent dictator and self-appointed guardian; whose principal business is to do the Dutch uncle stunt when they don't behave properly or in accordance with our notions. What they expect from us, and have a right to expect, is team-work, unstinted help on a basis of sympathetic mutual understanding. The greatest obstacle in the way of such action is our ignorance; the next greatest is the false pride that springs from that ignorance. Toward the removal of both these obstacles Mr. Mowrer's new book furnishes a most effective impulse. It covers practically every aspect of our foreign relationships, and it does so in a peculiarly able, balanced, and lucid manner. Unlike many other works of similar type, "Our Foreign Affairs" is written with a felicity of style and a command of facts, both contemporary and historical, that make it as entertaining as it is instructive. EDWIN BJORKMAN.

SCIENCE

LIFE AND SCIENCE. By Dr. Fraser Harris. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This is a collection of readable and interesting talks concerning certain aspects of the human body, such as how we defend ourselves from microbes, the various vital rhythms of the body, the meaning of sleep, nerves and nervousness, science and faith healing, various states of latent life or apparent death, and linked sensations or "colored thinking." While there is nothing either new or startling in this book, it would furnish easy reading, provided one had studied elementary physiology.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

LIFE OF JESUS (THE). By Ernest Renan. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

The fact that a new edition now appears of the English translation of Renan's famous book, first put forth in 1895, shows that interest still continues in the work. Modern Biblical criticism and discussion as to the divinity or non-divinity of Christ are on different lines from those followed by Renan. His book was not a theological argument but a study of the personality and acts of Jesus as Renan saw them. Writing about a rather recent Life of Renan, Dr. Lyman Abbott said in The Outlook about three years ago: "No scholar now takes Renan's 'Life of Jesus' as a photograph. It is a poet's idealistic picture, beautiful, ennobling, but radically defective." Dr. Abbott agreed with Amiel that "A fine passage is ten times more precious in his [Renan's] eyes than the discovery of a fact or the rectification of a date." But, despite all defects and lack of scientific presentation of arguments, Dr. Abbott added: "Renan by his 'Life of Jesus' rendered a great service to his fellowmen; he built a bridge over which many have passed, and many are still passing, from the deadly skepticism and more deadening ecclesiasticism of the past to the illuminating and inspiring faith of the future."

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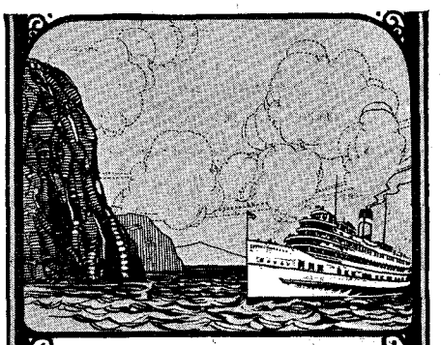

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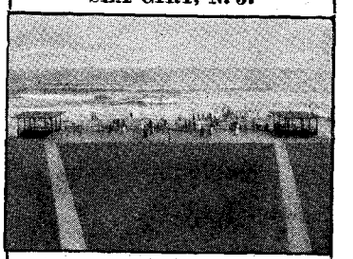

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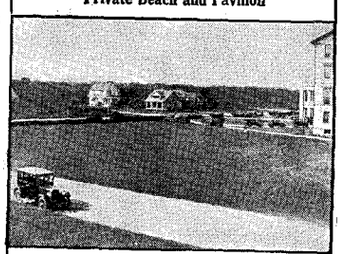

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WANTED—Trained nurse, refined, cheerful disposition, for semi-invalid lady. Cultured home with every comfort. Two in family. Competent servants. References exchanged. Address Chickering, 127 West 3d St., Oil City, Pa.

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COOK and working housekeeper, New York, Finger Lake Region, one in family, week end guests. Settled middle-aged woman, good cook, clean housekeeper, strong, active, not afraid of work; comfortable home, all modern improvements. Good wages right party. 5,123, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS or nursery governess qualified to teach kindergarten and primary work, two children living in Cuba. Expenses and moderate salary. 5,069, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, experienced, refined, desires engagement. Invalid adult or child. Highest testimonials. Willing to travel. 5,104, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, refined, companionable, capable in many ways, for any kind of patient, anywhere. Box 293, Norwood, Delaware Co., Pa.

RESIDENT nurse, boys' school. Experienced, capable. Excellent credentials. 5,132, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

ONE who is used to arranging flowers in "T-rooms" would like position in country. References. Write 5,122, Outlook.

REFINED, competent, and experienced woman desires position as housekeeper-companion or mother's assistant. Communicate Miss Liza Dixon, care E. Stauffen, Lincoln St., Englewood, N. J.

COMPANION-housekeeper—Experienced, capable, willing to travel. Highest references. 5,131, Outlook.

TWO sisters, one experienced chauffeur, with own car, wish positions private families. References. 5,134, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COMPETENT teacher, college graduate, four years' experience, wishes summer position tutoring high school or college student in English, French, Latin. Will travel. 5,118, Outlook.

GRADUATE of oratory and elocution desires position as director of dramatics and elocution, vocal culture, in girls' camps. 5,119, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher, specialty modern languages, looks for work during July and August. 5,120, Outlook.

NORMAL graduate, Protestant, athletic, had French and music, desires position as governess, companion, or tutor. Best references. Apply L. M. C., 254 Bridge St., Corning, N. Y.

YOUNG college professor of modern languages, desiring to travel during summer months, will accept engagement as tutor or companion. References given. 5,095, Outlook.

TWO teachers desire positions as governesses or companions for the summer. Best references. 5,126, Outlook.

TWO home economics teachers desire positions for July and August—care of children or playground attendants. 5,127, Outlook.

HIGHLY educated lady, much traveled, experienced teacher, music, Spanish, French, English, German, desires position as governess or companion for summer or permanent. 5,128, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

UNUSUALLY fine home in New England village offered for little girl, $20 weekly. 5,102, Outlook.

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ELDERLY couple living in fine apartment, ½ mile from Columbia University, offer board and lodging to well bred man and wife in return for help in house and companionship. References. 5,133, Outlook.

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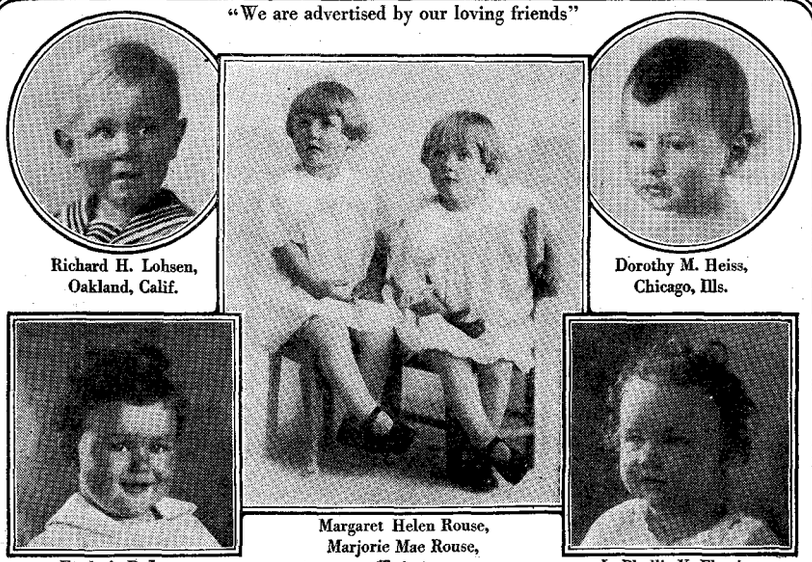

Richard H. Lohsen, Oakland, Calif.

Dorothy M. Heiss, Chicago, Ills.

Frederic P. Jones, North Weymouth, Mass.

Margaret Helen Rouse, Marjorie Mae Rouse, (Twins), Gilman, Montana.

L. Phyllis Y. Fleming, Phila., Penna.

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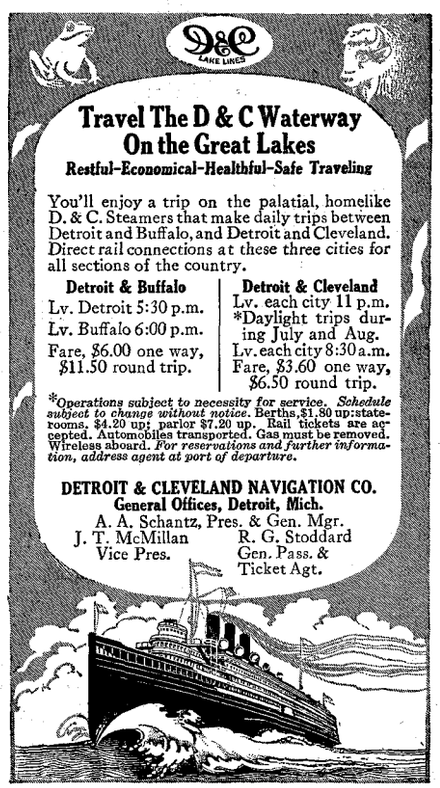

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By the Way

THE universality of the motor car's use has perhaps never been brought out more startlingly than in the following excerpt from the "Rural New Yorker:"

"We have a report from one New England town where it was found necessary to send a certain family to the poorhouse. *They went in their own car!* It was a battered tin pan of a car, but it had an engine which would work on occasions."

The above report furnishes a fitting climax to the story told by one of the "Rural New Yorker's" correspondents:

On the way from one town on Cape Cod to another, a Bostonian came upon a charming house by the roadside which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of fine shade trees, and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows, and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

A boy of fourteen accompanied him as guide and adviser. To him the stranger put this query: "Whose place is this?"

"Oh," said the boy casually, "that's the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse! You seem to have luxurious paupers in this town!"

"Well, sir, you see, we ain't got but one, and she's an old woman. The overseers board her out with one of the neighbors, and let the poorhouse to some of them Boston swells for the summer, and that pays her keep."

From "Judge:"

Phil—"I suppose you've read Boswell's Life of Johnson?"

Bill—"Not me. I'm a Coolidge man—first, last, and always."

Commenting on the popularity of the late Marie Corelli's books, the London "Sphere" says editorially: "You cannot make a sale of a hundred thousand or more for a new novel unless you write meretricious gush. There are not more than thirty thousand purchasers to-day in this country for a well-written novel. Your novel must be written in very slipshod English to command an audience of four times that number."

Under the heading "The World's Largest Trout in Canada" the "Fishing Gazette" of London publishes this item from a correspondent: "A friend who worked for the Hudson Bay Company in northern Manitoba told me that he fed his sleigh dogs on trout. He said that if

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he ran short of them he took his canoe and a thick cod-line and large spoon out on the lake near his camp. In an hour he could catch enough to feed his six or seven 'huskie' dogs for a week. He said the average large fish was about 20 lb. to 30 lb." Another correspondent says that lake trout in Lake Athabasca weighing from fifty to eighty pounds are frequently caught.

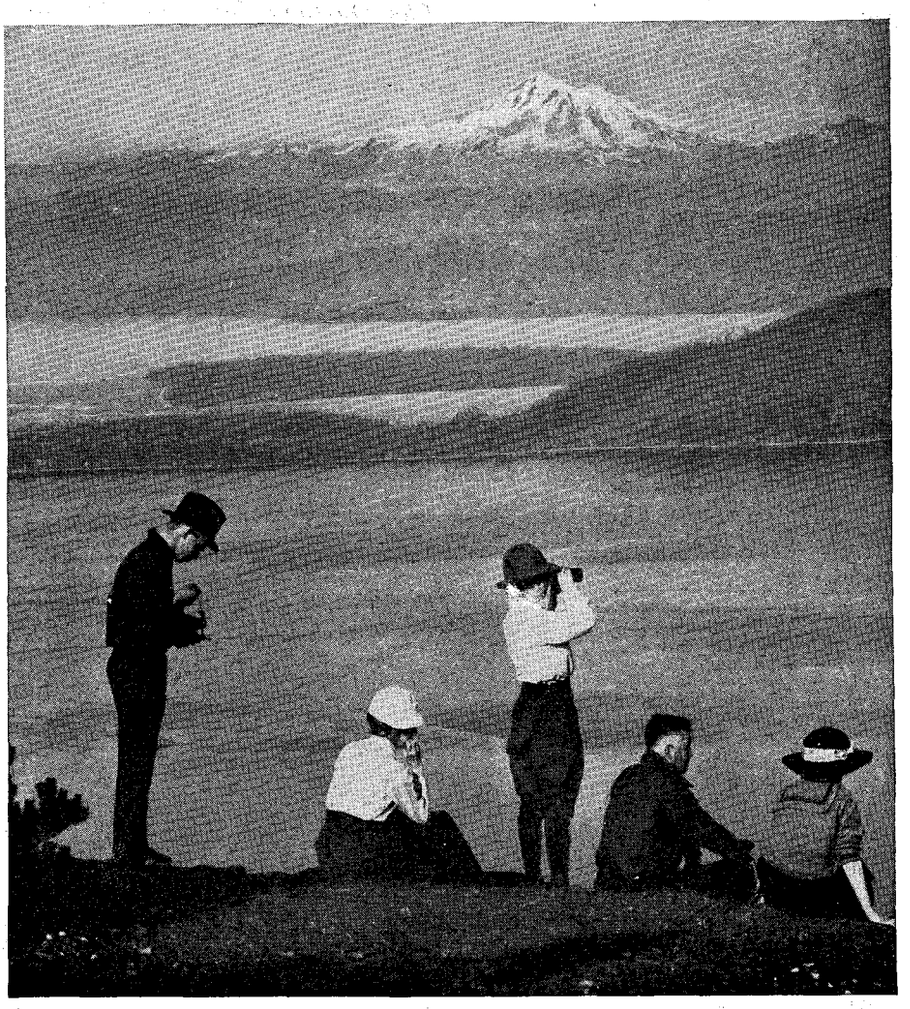
From "Pearson's Weekly:"

"I've decided on a name for baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne." Her husband did not care for the suggestion, but, being a tactful fellow, he was far too wise to say so. "Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne, and the name will revive pleasant memories." There was a brief silence. Then: "We will call her Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife firmly.

What is a shingle-weaver? The term, which has not apparently found its way into the dictionaries, is defined thus by Professor G. M. Janes in the "Quarterly Journal of Economics:" "The cutting of shingles is done by a machine run by a man called the sawyer. Weaving, or the packing of loose shingles into bundles, the form with which we are familiar, is still a hand process. There has not been a machine invented as yet which supplants the deft hand, the quick eye, and the skilled judgment of the shingle-weaver.

"These shingle-weavers are experts," Professor Janes continues in his description, above referred to, of the weavers' work. "Examine a bunch of shingles as the carpenter takes them apart for shingling the roof, and you will see the unique process by which the compact bunch has been woven. Now a wide shingle, now a narrow one, makes the bunch the exact width, and all day long the weaver stands and seizes shingle after shingle thrown out from the sawing machine, and without any false moves weaves them into compact bunches. . . . The term shingle-weaver has been extended by custom, till it now applies to any one who works in any department of a shingle mill."

The shingle-weavers of the State of Washington, where the industry is an important one, have made a success of co-operation, the above-quoted article says. No fewer than twenty mills are run on the co-operative plan, are owned by the workers, are run by managers and foremen elected by the workers, are completely unionized, and are so successfully managed that the workers pay themselves considerably more than union wages.



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WHEN the heat of the city sends your blood throbbing headwards, close your desk and home and come to the witchery of snow-capped mountains, evergreen forests and blue landlocked seas—bring the wife and children to Seattle and the *Charmed Land.*

Midsummer is like springtime in this cool, green vacation land. In the high mountain meadows gorgeous Alpine flowers are peeping through the snow. In the lush green valleys below the sparkling rivers are brim full and ice cold, fed by the eternal glaciers of snow-capped peaks. Cool days are always followed by restful nights. You will enjoy sleep under blankets. A midday temperature of eighty degrees is unusual and the average June, July and August temperature is sixty-two degrees.

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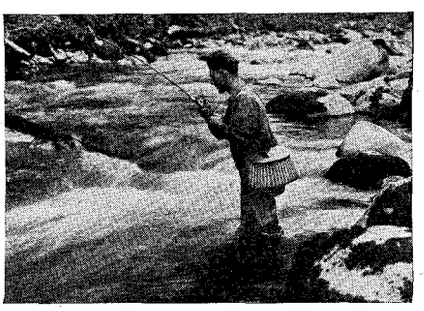

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